

# DESPERADO DESPERADO DESPERADO

*Illustrations*

THE  
FIGHT FOR LAW  
AND ORDER  
IN THE  
WILD  
WEST

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

ALL  
**TRUE**  
WILD WEST  
ILLUSTORIES

GET THE  
BLAZES OUT  
OF OUR LINE  
OF FIRE, OR  
YOU'LL GET  
BURIED  
WITH THEM  
SUTTERS!

LISTEN TO ME, YOU  
NAYLORS AND SUTTERS—  
THERE'LL BE **NO**  
FIGHTING HERE! GO  
HOME AND STOP THIS  
MAD FEUDIN' BEFORE  
I GET GOOD  
AND MAD!

HA, HA! YOU AIN'T GETTIN' NO  
CHANCE TO GET MAD! GET  
YOUR NOSE OUTTA THIS  
ARGUMENT, OR YOU'LL WIND  
UP DEAD AS A  
WORMY NAYLOR!

HO, HO!  
HEY—THE SHERIFF  
IS GONNA GET MAD  
AT US 'CAUSE WE  
IS SORE AT THE  
NAYLORS! I GUESS  
HE'S A NAYLOR  
SYMPATHIZER!

CHARLES  
BIRO

A  
FULL-SIZE  
**52** page  
MAG!

LEV GLEASON  
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OBEDIENT THE LAW

# ONE MAN AGAINST TWO ARMIES!

A  
**TRUE**  
WILD WEST  
STORY

HOW SQUARE-SHOOTING **JUDGE PERRY** HOG-TIED  
THE EXPLOSIVE FURY OF TWO FEUDING FAMILIES,  
THE **SUTTERS** AND **NAYLORS**, EVERY MEMBER  
OF WHICH WAS A DEAD SHOT!

NEVER WILL I FORGET THE DAY SCRAP NAYLOR  
AND TWO OF HIS PALS WERE CAUGHT BY THE  
SUTTERITES AND HUNG IN THE COURTHOUSE SQUARE  
IN GONZALES! THE NAYLOR MOB WAS FIGHTIN' MAD  
WHEN THEY CAME INTO GONZALES TO RESCUE  
SCRAP! WHEN THEY SAW SCRAP DANGLIN' THERE,  
ALL HADES BUSTED LOOSE! NOBODY ANY NOTHIN'  
COULD STOP THE MURDERIN' TILL JUDGE  
PERRY CAME TO TOWN—  
BLESS HIS SOUL!

LISTEN TO ME, YOU  
NAYLORS AND YOU  
SUTTERS! THERE WILL  
BE NO FIGHTING  
HERE! I MEAN TO SEE  
PEACE COME TO THIS  
COUNTY! GO HOME  
AND STOP THIS  
FEUD BEFORE I  
GET GOOD AND  
MAD!

YOU AIN'T GETTIN' NO CHANCE TO  
GET MAD, JUDGE! GET THE BLAZES  
OUTTA OUR LINE OF FIRE, OR  
YOU'LL GET BURIED WITH THE  
REST OF 'EM!

THE SAME  
GOES FOR US  
SUTTERS, JUDGE!  
GET YOUR NOSE  
OUTTA THIS MESS,  
OR YOU'LL WIND  
UP DEAD AS  
SCRAP NAYLOR!

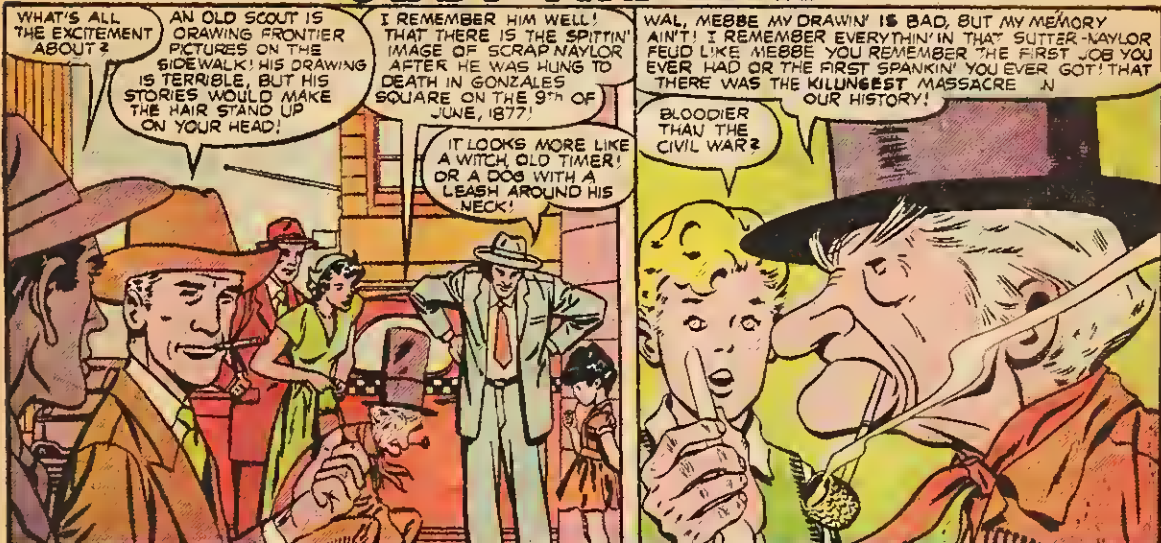
IN  
CONSIDERATION  
OF INNOCENT  
PEOPLE INVOLVED AND  
RELATIVES OF OTHERS,  
THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS  
DEPICTED IN THIS TRUE  
MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS.  
ANY SIMILARITY TO NAMES  
OF PEOPLE LIVING OR  
DEAD, IS ENTIRELY  
COINCIDENTAL. THIS IN NO  
WAY EFFECTS THE  
ACCURACY OF THESE  
TRUE STORIES.

the editors.

**I**N THE EARLY 1870'S, SOME PARTS OF TEXAS WERE THE  
MOST LAWLESS IN THE COUNTRY! IT WAS WILDERNESS  
TERRAIN, INDIANS STILL TOOK TO THE WARPATH, OUTLAWS  
SWARMED INTO TEXAS LIKE BEES AROUND A HIVE! IN THE  
CHAPARRAL ANY COMPOKE COULD START HIS OWN RANCH  
BY THE LIBERAL USE OF A RUNNING IRON! GUNMEN WERE  
EMPLOYED BY RANCHERS TO PROTECT AND INCREASE THEIR  
HERDS! LIFE WAS CHEAP AND PROPERTY EXPENSIVE! MEN  
HELD ON TO BOTH ONLY BY BULLETS AND STRENGTH! THE  
RIGHT COULD NOT SURVIVE WITHOUT A GOOD SIX SHOOTING  
DOSE OF MIGHT! THERE WERE MANY FEUDS RAGING,  
MOSTLY QUARRELS OVER CATTLE! BUT THE SUTTER-NAYLOR  
FEUD WAS THE MOST FAMOUS OF THEM ALL! FROM 1870  
1879, FEUD WAR RAGED IN THE HEART OF TEXAS!



# OBEY THE LAW



WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?

AN OLD SCOUT IS DRAWING FRONTIER PICTURES ON THE SIDEWALK! HIS DRAWING IS TERRIBLE, BUT HIS STORIES WOULD MAKE THE HAIR STAND UP ON YOUR HEAD!

I REMEMBER HIM WELL! THAT THERE IS THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OF SCRAP NAYLOR AFTER HE WAS HUNG TO DEATH IN GONZALES SQUARE ON THE 9<sup>TH</sup> OF JUNE, 1877!

IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A WITCH OLD TIMER! OR A DOG WITH A LEASH AROUND HIS NECK!

WAL, MEBBE MY DRAWIN' IS BAD, BUT MY MEMORY AIN'T! I REMEMBER EVERYTHIN' IN THAT SUTTER-NAYLOR FEUD LIKE MEBBE YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST JOB YOU EVER HAD OR THE FIRST SPANKIN' YOU EVER GOT! THAT THERE WAS THE KILLIN'EST MASSACRE IN OUR HISTORY!

BLOODIER THAN THE CIVIL WAR?

THE CIVIL WAR OF 1865 AIN'T IN THE SAME CLASS, SON! ...PTTT!...IT'S LIKE COMPARIN' A FLEA TO AN ELEPHANT!

GO ON, OLD-TIMER, 'FESS UP! YOU'RE ONLY STANDING ON THIS CORNER AND MAKING UP THE STORIES JUST TO MAKE A DIME FOR JAVA AND SINKERS! YOU SPIN THE STUFF OUT OF YOUR WHITE HEAD!

AW, HE COUL'DVE DUG IT OUT OF THE LIBRARY, OR FROM STORY BOOKS! THEY'RE LIKE OLD SAILORS, THESE FRONTIER OLD TIMERS! THEY LOVE TO SHOOT THE BREEZE!

SO I'M LYIN', AM I? DO YOU THINK THESE OLD EARS O' MINE AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' IN 90 YEARS? OR THESE WEAK OLD EYES AIN'T SEEN SIGHTS THAT MAKE YOUR HAIR TURN THE COLOR O' MINE OVERNIGHT? I'M NO BEGGAR OR PANHANDLER! I'M HERE TO TELL STORIES TO THEM THAT WANTS TO HEAR 'EM! NOBODY HAS TO THROW A WOODEN JIT INTO THAT STOVE-PIPE IF THEY DOUBT THE TRUTH O' ANYTHIN' I SPEL ABOUT!

TAKE IT EASY, OLD-TIMER! THEY'RE ONLY KIDDING YOU! WHO ARE THESE SUTTER-NAYLOR CHARACTERS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?

THE NAYLORS WERE THE DISGRACE OF DEWITT COUNTY, AN' THE SUTTERS WERE THE TERROR OF GONZALES COUNTY! THE NAYLORS WERE A LARGE FAMILY THAT RUSTLED ENOUGH CATTLE IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES TO SET UP A CATTLE EMPIRE FOR THEMSELVES IN DEWITT COUNTY! THE SUTTERS DID THE SAME IN GONZALES COUNTY! BOTH FAMILIES HAD DECIDED IT WAS MORE PROFITABLE TO STEAL AN KILL FROM THE HOME BASE OF A RANCH THAN TO BE CHASED AROUND THE CHAPARRAL BY HANGIN' POSSES!



IN FACT, THE NAYLORS WENT SO FAR AS TO KNOCK OFF THE SHERIFF IN CLINTON AND SET UP JOE TOMLINSON OF THEIR OWN GANGS AS THE FIGGERHEAD OF THE LAW IN DEWITT COUNTY!

I'M HERE TO KEEP THE PEACE IN DEWITT COUNTY... FOR EVERYBODY BUT THE NAYLORS!

THAT'S THE STUFF JOB! YOU'RE TALKIN' LIKE A REAL SHERIFF, NOW!

THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS! THE NAYLOR GANG, NUMBERIN' AT LEAST 100 HANDS, ROAMED FAR AFIELD, RUSTLIN', KILLING AND BRINGING MONEY INTO THE NAYLOR TREASURY, TILL THE NAYLORS GOT RICH ENOUGH TO BUY HALF OF TEXAS ALMOST!



I SAY ALMOST... BECAUSE A BIG STORM CLOUD APPEARED ON THE HORIZON AN' THAT BIG CLOUD WAS THE SUTTER FAMILY TO THE NORTH, IN GONZALES COUNTY! THE SUTTERS GOT THEIR DOUGH THE SAME WAY AS THE NAYLORS DID!

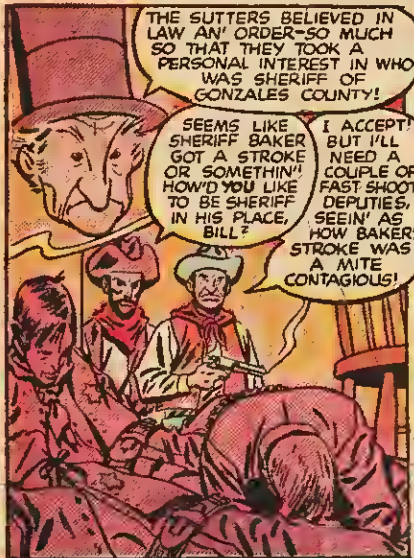
'FORE OLD MAN HYLER DIED, PA, HE WAS KIND ENOUGH TO DEED US SUTTERS ALL HIS PROPERTY!

AN' RIGHT KIND IT WAS OF HYLER'S SONS TO SHOOT THEIR OWN SELVES DEAD RATHER THAN RAISE ANY OBJECTIONS!





# OBEY THE LAW

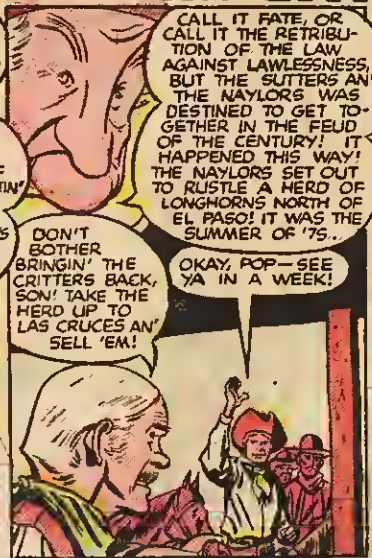


THE SUTTERS BELIEVED IN LAW AN' ORDER—SO MUCH SO THAT THEY TOOK A PERSONAL INTEREST IN WHO WAS SHERIFF OF GONZALES COUNTY!

SEEMS LIKE SHERIFF BAKER GOT A STROKE OR SOMETHIN'! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE SHERIFF IN HIS PLACE, BILL?

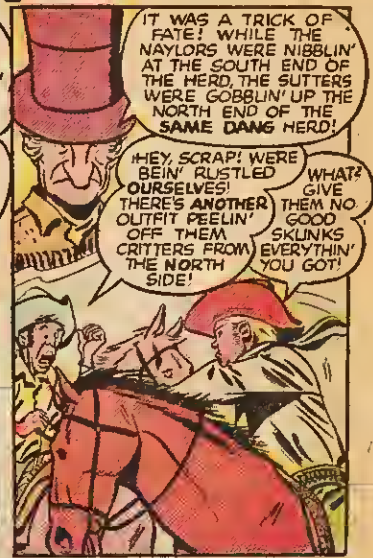
I ACCEPT! BUT I'LL NEED A COUPLE OF FAST SHOOTIN' DEPUTIES! SEEMIN' AS HOW BAKER'S STROKE WAS A MITE CONTAGIOUS!

DON'T BOTHER BRINGIN' THE CRITTERS BACK, SON! TAKE THE HERD UP TO LAS CRUCES AN' SELL 'EM!



CALL IT FATE, OR CALL IT THE RETRIBUTION OF THE LAW AGAINST LAWLESSNESS, BUT THE SUTTERS AN' THE NAYLORS WERE DESTINED TO GET TOGETHER IN THE FEUD OF THE CENTURY! IT HAPPENED THIS WAY! THE NAYLORS SET OUT TO RUSTLE A HERD OF LONGHORNS NORTH OF EL PASO! IT WAS THE SUMMER OF '75..

OKAY, POP—SEE YA IN A WEEK!



IT WAS A TRICK OF FATE! WHILE THE NAYLORS WERE NIBBLIN' AT THE SOUTH END OF THE HERD, THE SUTTERS WERE GOBBLIN' UP THE NORTH END OF THE SAME DANG HERD!

HEY, SCRAP! WERE BEIN' RUSTLED OURSELVES! THERE'S ANOTHER OUTFIT PEELIN' OFF THEM CRITTERS FROM THE NORTH SIDE!

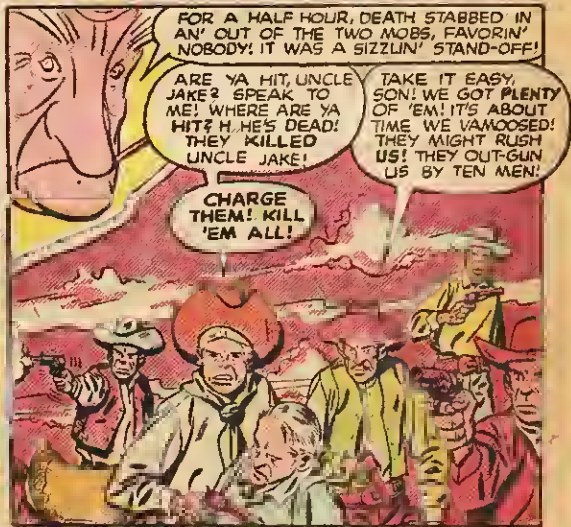
WHAT? GIVE THEM NO GOOD SKINKS EVERYTHIN' YOU GOT!



DANNY! SOMEBODY'S CUTTIN' IN ON OUR KILL!

IT CAN'T BE THE GUY THAT OWNS THIS STOCK! WE DONE HIM IN TWO HOURS AGO! THEY'RE A PACK OF MANGY RUSTLERS! GET AFTER 'EM AN' TEACH 'EM VARMINTS THAT THEY CAN'T JUMP A SUTTER!

THERE THEY ARE! BLAST THEIR WORMY HIDES!

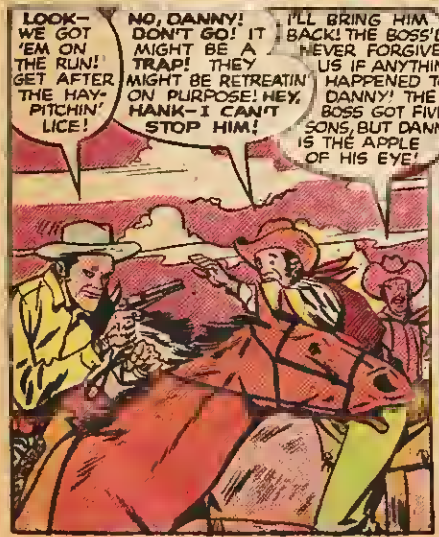


FOR A HALF HOUR, DEATH STABBED IN AN' OUT OF THE TWO MOBS, FAVORIN' NOBODY! IT WAS A SIZZLIN' STAND-OFF!

ARE YA HIT, UNCLE JAKE? SPEAK TO ME! WHERE ARE YA HIT? HE'S DEAD! THEY KILLED UNCLE JAKE!

TAKE IT EASY, SON! WE GOT PLENTY OF 'EM! IT'S ABOUT TIME WE VAMOOSED! THEY MIGHT RUSH US! THEY OUT-GUN US BY TEN MEN!

CHARGE THEM! KILL 'EM ALL!



LOOK—WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN! GET AFTER THE HAY-PITCHIN' LICE!

NO, DANNY! DON'T GO! IT MIGHT BE A TRAP! THEY MIGHT BE RETREATIN' ON PURPOSE! HEY, HANK—I CAN'T STOP HIM!

I'LL BRING HIM BACK! THE BOSS'D NEVER FORGIVE US IF ANYTHIN' HAPPENED TO DANNY! THE BOSS GOT FIVE SONS, BUT DANNY IS THE APPLE OF HIS EYE!



DANNY! IT MIGHT BE A TRAP! COME BACK! COME BACK!

DANNY AIN'T NEVER COMIN' BACK, EXCEPT IF HE'S SLUNG OVER THE BACK OF A MULE!



I KNEW IT! THE DUMB HORSE-BRAINED BRAT! NOW WHAT'LL THE BOSS SAY?

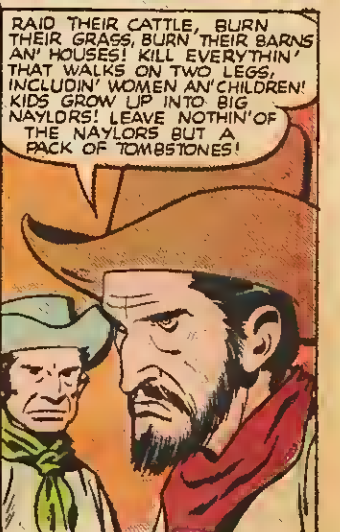
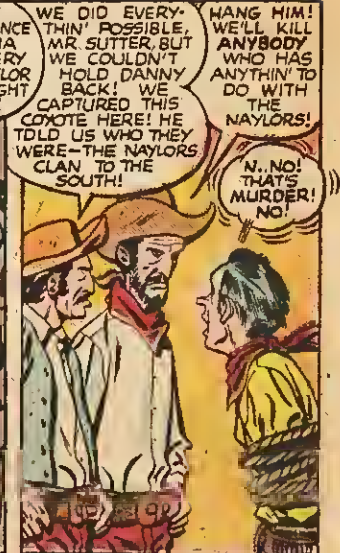
I AIN'T WANTIN' TO FIND OUT!

BANG! BANG!

YII..



# OBEDY THE LAW





# OBEY THE LAW

THEM NAYLORS ARE LUCKY, POP! THEY KNEW WHEN NOT TO BE AROUND! THIS SON OF A HORSE THIEF SAYS MOST OF 'EM ARE IN CLINTON COURT, ATTENDIN' A TRIAL!

T. THAT'S RIGHT! ONLY GRAMPS STAYED HERE! THAT'S HIM THERE BUT DON'T KILL ME, TOO! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

NO, WE AIN'T GOIN' TO KILL YA, PARDNER—NOT BECAUSE WE WOULDN'T LIKE TO, BUT BECAUSE WE WANT YOU ALIVE TO GIVE THIS MESSAGE TO THE NAYLORS! WE SUTTERS WON'T FINISH OUR FEUD WITH THE NAYLORS TILL EVERY DANG ONE OF 'EM IS FERTILIZIN' THE CEMETERY!

THE NAYLORS'LL GO CRAZY MAO WHEN THEY FIND OUT WHO KILLED UNCLE JAKE LAST WEEK, AN' WHAT HAPPENED HERE TODAY!

SHERIFF TOMLINSON, WHERE ARE THE TWO WITNESSES WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST THESE TWO HOODLUMS?

WELL, JUDGE, IT'S MY PAINFUL DUTY TO ANNOUNCE THAT BOTH WITNESSES DIED SUDDENLY IN PRISON!

JOE'S A CARD! LISTEN TO HIM, SASS THE JUDGE!

THAT SORTA BREAKS DOWN THIS INDICTMENT, DON'T IT, JUDGE?

TOMLINSON, I'M GETTING SICK OF THE WAY THINGS ARE RUN IN THIS TOWN! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A TOOL OF THE NAYLORS, AS CROOKED AND MURDEROUS AS THEY ARE, AND I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU TO THE STATE AUTHORITIES! MEANWHILE, LOCK UP THESE TWO RATS WHILE ANOTHER CASE IS PREPARED AGAINST THEM!

NIX, JUDGE! I'M THE ARRESTIN' OFFICER IN THIS TOWN! YOU'RE ONLY THE JUDGE! THERE AIN'T NO WITNESSES, SO THERE AIN'T NO TRIAL!

GET A MOVE ON, YOU TWO! YOU'RE EXONERATED, BEIN' AS THERE AIN'T NO CASE AGAINST YA! GO ON OVER TO THE SILVER FEATHER SALOON! THE GANG IS HOLDIN' A CELEBRATION FOR YA!

THANK YOU KINDLY, SHERIFF TOMLINSON!

DON'T FORGET TO THANK HIM FOR KILLING OFF THE STATE'S WITNESSES, TOO!

WE OUGHT TO GET RID OF THE JUDGE, MR. NAYLOR! HE WON'T PLAY BALL! ONE OF THESE DAYS HE'LL MAKE REAL TROUBLE FOR US!

WE CAN'T TOUCH JUDGE PERRY, JOE! HE'S THE MOST RESPECTED AND POPULAR MAN IN SOUTHERN TEXAS! IF WE BOTHERED HIM, WE'D LOSE MORE THAN WE'D GAIN! JUST DON'T LET HIM GET NOWHERE! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO HANDLE HIM!

THIS IS AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE, JUDGE! THE DEFENDANT IS PENNILESS! SHE HASN'T PAID RENT IN SEVEN MONTHS! WE WANT TO DISPOSSESS HER AS AN UNDESIRABLE TENANT!

I... I EXPECT SOME MONEY, JUDGE! MY HUSBAND LEFT ME GOLD STOCK, BUT ONE OF MY LITTLE BOYS IS SICK, AND I...

TELL ME, MRS. FELTON, ITS \$175 YOU OWE THIS MAN, ISN'T IT?

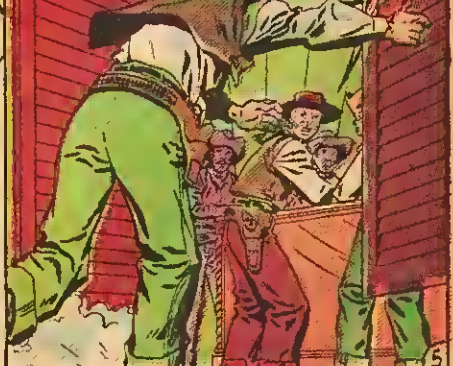
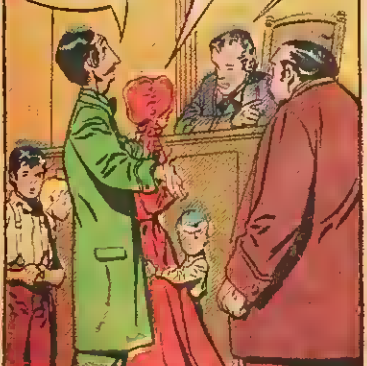
THAT'S RIGHT! AND IF SHE CAN PAY 75 CENTS A YEAR FROM NOW ON, I'LL EAT IT! THE GOLD STOCK IS WORTHLESS!

YOUR HUSBAND WAS A GOOD MAN, MRS. FELTON! HE DIED TRYING TO HOLD THE FRONTIER AGAINST THE RAIDERS! FROM NOW ON, YOU COME TO ME FOR YOUR RENT!

MR. NAYLOR! MR. NAYLOR! ALL DEVIL'S BUSTED LOOSE! THE SUTTERS RAIDED THE RANCH! THEY KILLED EVERYBODY IN SIGHT—BURNED THE BARN AND THE HOUSES—RAN OFF ALL THE CATTLE! GRAMPS IS DEAD WITH A BULLET IN HIS HEAD!

THE SUTTERS? WHO IN TARNATION ARE THE SUTTERS?

THERE'S YOUR MONEY, LANDLORD! I WON'T SEE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS THROWN INTO THE STREETS!





# OBEY THE LAW

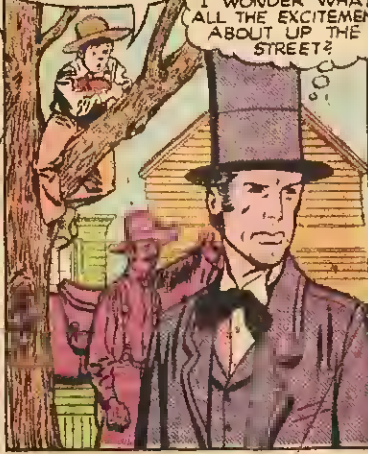
I HEARD ABOUT 'EM. POP! THEY'RE A CLAN TO THE NORTH IN GONZALES COUNTY! THEY MUST BE THE ONES THAT MUSCLED IN ON OUR RUSTLING PARTY NEAR EL PASO, AN' KILLED UNCLE JAKE! AN' ALL THE TIME I FIGURED THEM FOR A STRAY BAND OF RUSTLERS!



THE SUTTER'S SAID FOR ME TO TELL YA THEY WAS FEUDIN' TILL NOT ONE NAYLOR WAS LEFT ALIVE!

WE GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY ABOUT THAT! BOYS, I'M DECLARIN' AN OPEN HUNTIN' SEASON ON TWO-LEGGED VARMINTS CALLED SUTTERS!

JUDGE! HELP ME DOWN, JUDGE! I WENT AFTER A KITTY AN' GOT CAUGHT UP HERE!

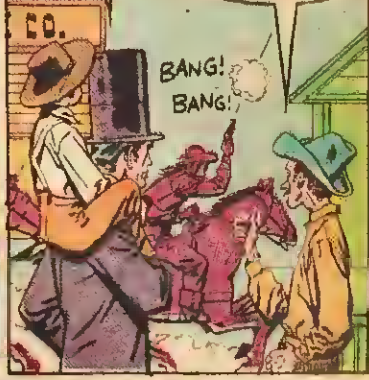


YOU BETCHA LITTLE MAN! IN TWO SHAKES OF A LAMB'S TAIL!

I WONDER WHAT ALL THE EXCITEMENT'S ABOUT UP THE STREET?

WHAT'S GOING ON, SLIM?

THE SUTTER CLAN TO THE NORTH STARTED A FEUD, AN' THE NAYLORS ARE TAKIN' 'EM UP ON IT! WE AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET! WAIT TILL THE TWO FAMILIES GET AFTER EACH OTHERS HIDES!



THIRTY-FIVE KILLED, AN' TWELVE MISSIN POP, AN' 4,000 HEAD OF CATTLE ARE GONE!

SCRAP SEND ONE OF THE BOYS TO THE SUTTERS WITH THIS MESSAGE!

"SUTTER - GET OUT OF THE STATE! IT AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US TO BREATHE IN! YOU GOT 48 HOURS TO VAMOOSE. AFTER THAT, THE BUZZARDS'LL BE HAVIN A 24-HOUR-A-DAY BANQUET ON DEAD SUTTERS!"



WELL, YOU CAN GUESS WHAT THE SUTTERS DID WITH THE MESSAGE, AN' WITH THE MESSENGER! YUP, THEY SENT HIM BACK TO THE NAYLORS DEAD AS A NACKEREL! THE BIG FEUD WAR WAS ON!

WE FOUND HIM LYING HERE DEAD AT DAY-BREAK! LET'S GO BOY! AFTER THOSE SKUNKS!

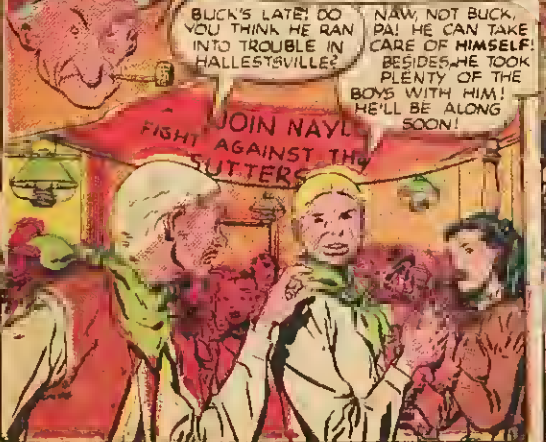
BURN IT DOWN! IT'S A SUTTER CHUCK WAGON, AIN'T IT?



LEAVE IT TO THE SUTTERS FOR ORGANIZIN THE FIRST PITCHED BATTLE! IT HAPPENED THIS WAY - THE NAYLORS HAD LAUNCHED A RECRUITIN' DRIVE IN DEVITT COUNTY EARLY IN 1876. TO ROPE IN THE CITIZENS, THEY STAGED A DANCE IN THE CLINTON TOWN HALL!

BUCK'S LATE! DO YOU THINK HE RAN INTO TROUBLE IN HALLESTVILLE?

NAW, NOT BUCK, PA! HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF! BESIDES, HE TOOK PLENTY OF THE BOYS WITH HIM! HE'LL BE ALONG SOON!



BILL, THIS COVERED WAGON STUNT OF YOURS IS A LULU! WE CAN PARK RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE DANCE HALL AN' RAKE WHOEVER COMES INTO THE DIVE BEFORE THEY KNOW WHERE A SHOT IS COMIN' FROM!

POP, LOOK - A MOB OF NAYLORITES IS COMIN' THIS WAY! THEY'RE RETURNIN' FROM A RAID MOST LIKELY!



LET 'EM GET CLOSER, THEN WHEN THEY DISMOUNT, WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE WAGONS, POUR IT IN!

WE AIN'T LATE, BOYS! THE PARTY'S STILL GOIN' STRONG!

I SURE FEEL LIKE DANCIN'!





# OBEDY THE LAW



GET SET...

HI, PA! I'LL BET YOU THOUGHT WE WEREN'T GOIN' TO MAKE IT! WE INTERCEPTED A SUTTER RUSTLIN' PARTY! STRINGIN' 'EM UP DELAYED US!

A LEGITIMATE EXCUSE, SON!

OKAY-FIRE!

AT THIS RANGE, I CAN GET TWO WITH THE SAME BULLET!



BANG! BANG!

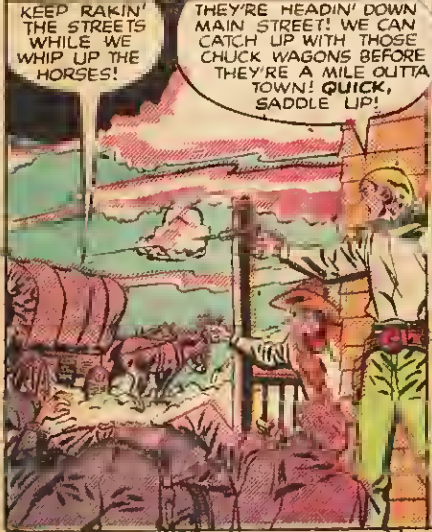
BANG! BANG!

MIGOSH! W...WHERE'D THEM SUTTERS COME FROM?

YOU GOT OLD MAN NAYLOR!

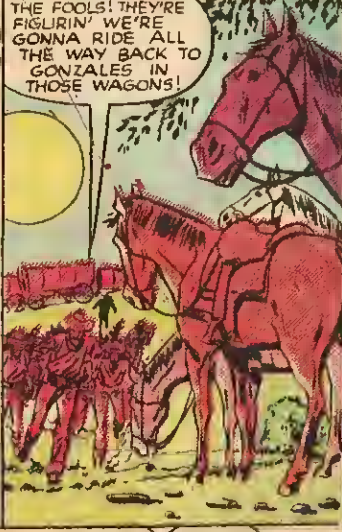
DON'T GO OUTSIDE! IT'S RAININ' BULLETS!

OH...!

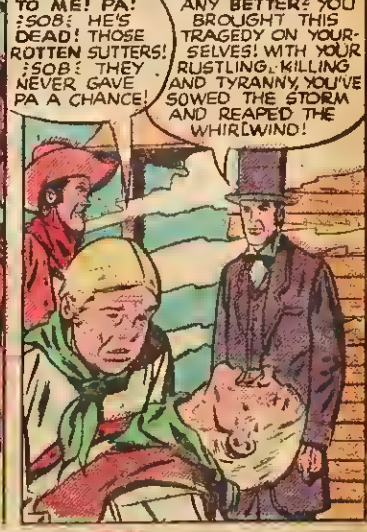


KEEP RAKIN' THE STREETS WHILE WE WHIP UP THE HORSES!

THEY'RE HEADIN' DOWN MAIN STREET! WE CAN CATCH UP WITH THOSE CHUCK WAGONS BEFORE THEY'RE A MILE OUTTA TOWN! QUICK, SADDLE UP!



THE FOOLS! THEY'RE FIGURIN' WE'RE GONNA RIDE ALL THE WAY BACK TO GONZALES IN THOSE WAGONS!



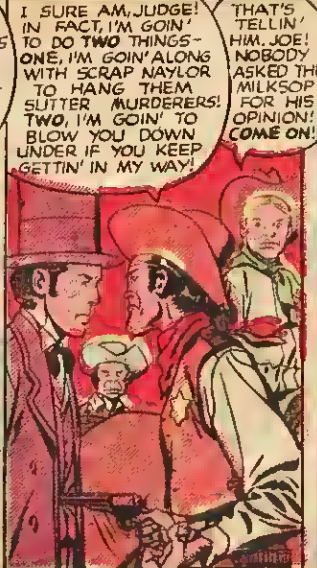
PA! SPEAK TO ME! PA! :SOB: HE'S DEAD! THOSE ROTTEN SUTTERS! :SOB: THEY NEVER GAVE PA A CHANCE!

ARE YOU NAYLORS ANY BETTER? YOU BROUGHT THIS TRAGEDY ON YOURSELVES! WITH YOUR RUSTLING, KILLING AND TYRANNY, YOU'VE SOWN THE STORM AND REAPED THE WHIRLWIND!



WE'LL GET 'EM FOR YA, PA, AN' FOR BUCK, TOO! WE'LL HANG THOSE SUTTERS TO THE TALLEST TREES IN TEXAS! COME ON, BOYS, LET'S RETURN THEIR VISIT!

SHERIFF TOMLINSON, I ORDER YOU TO STOP THIS SENSELESS MURDERING! YOU CAN'T STAND THERE AND WATCH COLD-BLOODED MURDER COMMITTED! WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING?



I SURE AM, JUDGE! IN FACT, I'M GOIN' TO DO TWO THINGS- ONE, I'M GOIN' ALONG WITH SCRAP NAYLOR TO HANG THEM SUTTER MURDERERS! TWO, I'M GOIN' TO BLOW YOU DOWN UNDER IF YOU KEEP GETTIN' IN MY WAY!

THAT'S TELLIN' HIM, JOE! NOBODY ASKED THE MILKSOP FOR HIS OPINION! COME ON!

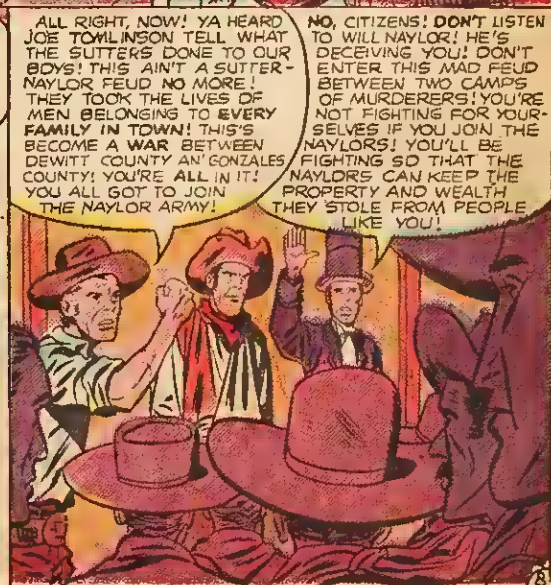
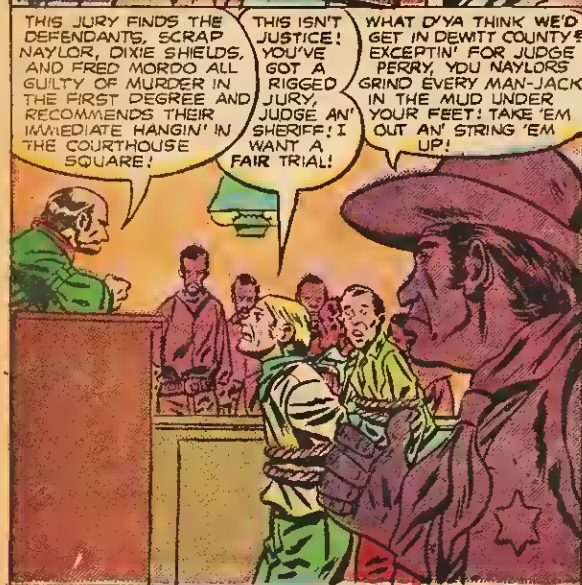
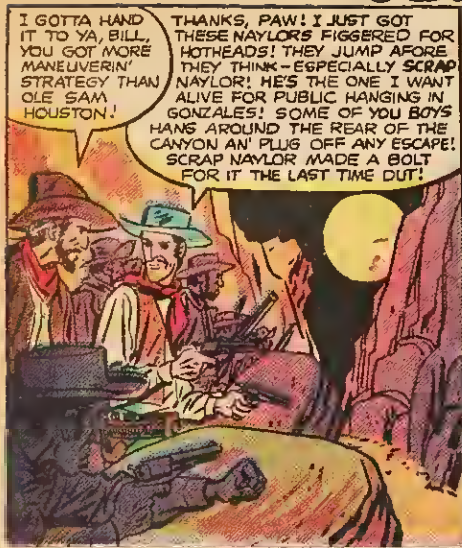


HERE'S THEIR TRAIL HEADIN' NORTH-PROBABLY BACK TO GONZALES! WELL, WE'LL GIVE 'EM COMPANY!

BILL SURE HAD THEM NAYLORS DOPED RIGHT! THERE THEY GO, STICKIN' THEIR NOSES INTO MASSACRE NUMBER TWO! DON'T FIRE TILL I GIVE THE SIGNAL!



# OBEDY THE LAW





# OBEDIENT THE LAW

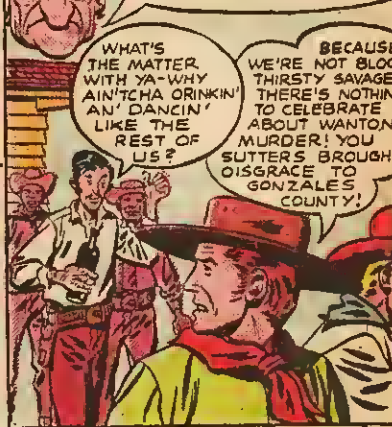
THE JUDGE TALKS OF MUDDER! WHAT DO YOU THINK THE SUTTERS DID TO US—SENT US COOKIES? BROUGHT US FLOWERS? COUNT THE DEAD IN THE COUNTY HALL! YES, AND ON MAIN STREET, AND ON THE COUNTY BORDER! MORE THAN 100 DEWITT DEAD ARE ROTTIN' IN THE GREEZE! THEM DEAD ARE CRYIN' OUT FOR REVENGE, NOT PEACE! LET'S GIVE THOSE CURSED SUTTERS A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE! AFTER THAT, MAYBE WE'LL TALK OF PEACE... MAYBE!



ON TO GONZALES! GIVE THEM SUTTERS EVERYTHIN' THEY BEEN LOOKIN' FOR!



MEANWHILE, IN GONZALES, A MOB OF SUTTERITES HANGED SCRAP NAYLOR AN' HIS TWO PALS! THERE WAS CELEBRATIN' SUCH AS YOU MIGHT FIND ON THE FOURTH OF JULY! BUT THERE WAS SOME WHO DIDN'T JOIN IN!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YA—WHY AIN'TCHA ORINKIN' AN' DANCIN' LIKE THE REST OF US?

BECAUSE WE'RE NOT BLOOD-THIRSTY SAVAGES! THERE'S NOTHIN' TO CELEBRATE ABOUT WANTON MURDER! YOU SUTTERS BROUGHT DISGRACE TO GONZALES COUNTY!

AND WHILE THE SUTTER CLAN WAS HAVIN' THEIR BLOWOUT, THE NAYLOR MOB WAS ON THEIR WAY TO SHOOT UP THE TOWN!

WE'LL KEEP SHOOTIN' TILL THE STREETS ARE PAVED WITH SUTTER CORPSES! NOTHIN' SHOULD BE LEFT OF THEIR CLAN BUT A BAO MEMORY!



BILL! LOOK WHAT'S COMIN' DOWN MAIN STREET!

NAYLOR LITES! TAKE COVER IN THE COURTHOUSE!

SHOOT EVERYONE IN THE STREET! THIS AIN'T JUST A GRUDGE FIGHT! THIS IS WAR!



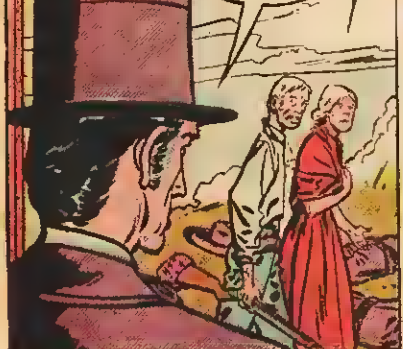
BUT THIS TIME IT WAS MASSACRE ON BOTH SIDES! THEY JUST DREW UP LINES AND FIRED POINT-BLANK AT EACH OTHER! SCRAP NAYLOR, WHEREVER HE WAS, WAS GETTIN' MORE'N HIS SHARE OF COMPANY!



THIS IS HORRIBLE! OZENS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE BEING SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!

JUDGE PERRY CAN'T YOU STOP THEM? THEY'VE GONE STARK MAD, ALL OF THEM!

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, FRIEND! LEND ME THAT SHOTGUN OF YOURS!



LISTEN! ALL OF YOU! THE SLAUGHTER IS OVER! YOU NAYLORS GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM AND YOU SUTTERS PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS! THE CITIZENS OF TEXAS AREN'T STANDIN' FOR ANY MORE OF THIS INSANE KILLING!

IF YA DON'T GET OUT OF OUR LINE OF FIRE, JUDGE, WE'LL KILL YA! WE CAME HERE TO WIPE OUT EVERY SUTTER, AN' WE AIN'T LEAVIN' TILL THEY'RE ALL BELLY UP!



OKAY, SHOOT! THAT WOULD BRING THE ARMY AND THE TEXAS RANGERS DOWN HERE QUICK! THEN THEY'D HEAR YOU SHOT A JUDGE OF THE CIRCUIT COURT! GO AHEAD, YOU SMELLY POLECATS, KILL ME! I INVITE YOU TO! WELL, WHY DON'T YOU... YOU YELLOW-STREAKED COYOTES! DID YOUR FINGERS GET PARALYZED?

PERRY'S RIGHT! IF WE DO PLUG HIM, WE'LL BRING THE WHOLE NATION DOWN ON OUR HEADS!





# OBEY THE LAW

WE'LL GET AFTER THE SUTTERS ANOTHER TIME! WE'LL GET 'EM ONE BY ONE, STRIKIN' WITHOUT WARNIN', SO JUDGE BUTTINSKY CAN'T POKE HIS NOSE INTO OUR AFFAIRS LIKE HE DONE TODAY!

ALL RIGHT, JUDGE, WE'LL CLEAR OUT BUT DO WE GET SAFE CONDUCT? THEY MIGHT SHOOT US IN THE BACK THE SECOND WE LEAVE COVER!

LET A SUTTER DARE TO STAND UP AND FIRE AND HE'LL GET A DOUBLE-BARRELLED BLAST IN THE HEAD FROM ME!

DON'T THINK YOU'RE OUTTA THE WOODS, SUTTERS! WE'LL GET YOU YET—EVERY BLASTED ONE OF YA—AN' NO WORD-GRINDIN'! JUDGE IS GONNA BE AROUND TO STOP US!

YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME GETTIN' US SUTTERS IF YOU'RE DEAD AND BURIED! WE'RE JUST WAITIN' FOR THIS PREACHIN' CRITTER TO CLEAR OUT, THEN WE'LL HUNT YA DOWN!

THEY'RE NOT DONE WITH EACH OTHER—NOT BY A LONG SHOT!



YOU WERE GREAT, JUDGE PERRY IF NOT FOR YOU, THEY'D STILL BE MURDERIN' EACH OTHER! YES, AN US INNOCENT BYSTANDERS TOO!

GREATEST EXHIBITION OF COURAGE I EVER SAW, JUDGE! I'LL GO TO HOUSTON TO SEE THE GOVERNOR! NO BODY BUT THE RANGERS CAN REALLY PUT A STOP TO THIS LAWLESSNESS!

THANKS, BUT I'VE ONLY STOPPED HIS MAD FEUD FOR A BRIEF MOMENT! I'LL GO TO HOUSTON TO SEE THE GOVERNOR! NO BODY BUT THE RANGERS CAN REALLY PUT A STOP TO THIS LAWLESSNESS!

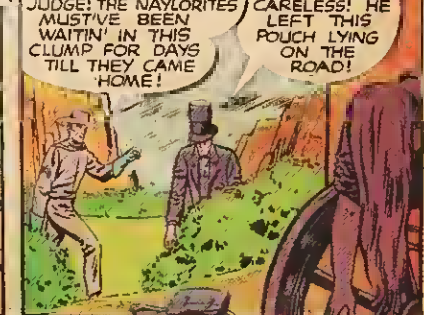
SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT THAT FEUD, GOVERNOR! THOSES OF PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ASSASSINATED, HUNDREDS OF CITIZENS HAVE BEEN INTIMIDATED INTO JOINING THEIR RAIDS! ONLY THE RANGERS CAN BRING PEACE TO THOSE BEDEVILED COUNTIES

I QUITE UNDERSTAND JUDGE, BUT WALE A COMPANY IS ALL I CAN SCRAPE TOGETHER! THE RANGERS ARE UP TO THEIR NECKS PATROLIN' AGAINST DESPERADOES!

SO THE KILLIN' WENT ON! EVERY SECRET ORDER DISCLOSED TO HOSTILE EARS RESULTED IN AMBUSH AN' SUDDEN DEATH! NO FEUDER FELT SAFE FROM AN UNEXPECTED BULLET AND NOW SINCE JUDGE PERRY HAD BROUGHT IN THE RANGERS, THE RETALIATION OF THE LAW WAS IN OPERATION!

IT'S BILL SUTTER, HIS WIFE, SON AN' THREE RANCH HANDS, JUDGE! THE NAYLORITES MUST'VE BEEN WAITIN' IN THIS CLUMP FOR DAYS TILL THEY CAME HOME!

WILL NAYLOR GOT A MITE CARELESS! HE LEFT THIS POUCH LYING ON THE ROAD!



WHAT DO YA MEAN, I'M ARRESTED! WHAT FOR?

DON'T PLAY THE INNOCENT, WITH ME, WILL NAYLOR! YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS MURDERED BILL SUTTER AND FIVE OF HIS CLAN, INCLUDING HIS WIFE! YOU'LL BE LEGALLY TRIED FOR MURDER IN CLINTON!

GET A MOVE ON, NAYLOR! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH GOODS ON YOU!

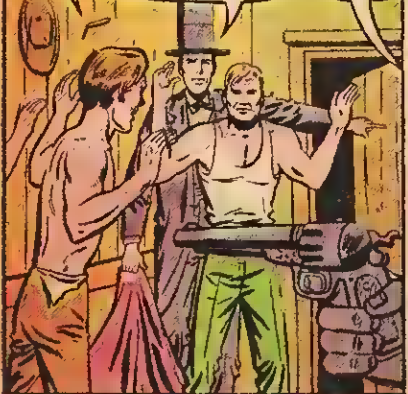
WE'LL TEACH THAT MEDDLIN' JUDGE NOT TO BUTT INTO OUR AFFAIRS! ROUND UP EVERY MAN, SAL! WE'RE GOIN' INTO CLINTON AFTER WILL AN' THE BOYS!

WE'LL FREE 'EM! WE'LL OUT-GUN 'EM FIVE TO ONE! LET THEM SWELL-HEADED RANGERS JUST TRY AN' STOP US FROM RESCUIN' OUR KIN!

BY THE TIME THE NAYLORS SET OUT FOR CLINTON, THEY OUT-GUNNED THE RANGERS EIGHT TO ONE! THEY JUST SWARMED OVER THE SMALL JAIL AN' TOOK ALL THEY WANTED!

LOOKS LIKE THE NAYLORS STILL MAKE THEIR OWN LAWS IN DEWITT COUNTY, EH, JOE?

YOU SURE CAN PROVE IT BY RANGER CORPSES, WILL!





# OBEY THE LAW

I SEE YOU GOT NICKED, JUDGE! I HOPE IT ISN'T TOO BAD!

IT'S NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE PAIN IN MY HEART! THOSE DEVILS HAVE GONE THE LIMIT! I'M GOING TO HOUSTON, AND IF I DON'T RETURN WITH TWO FULL COMPANIES OF RANGERS TO RUN THE SUTTER-NAYLOR VENDETTA CLEAR OUT OF TEXAS, YOU CAN HANG ME HIGHER THAN A KITE!

GOVERNOR, WE'VE GOT MORE THAN THIRTY INDICTMENTS FOR MURDER AGAINST EACH CLAN! GIVE ME THE MEN TO ROUND UP THOSE LOW-DOWN KILLERS, AND DEWITT AND GONZALES COUNTIES WILL KNOW THEIR FIRST PEACE IN FOUR YEARS!

VERY WELL, JUDGE. YOU'LL GET YOUR TWO COMPANIES!

SOMETIMES FORCE IS THE ONLY THING RUTHLESS MEN UNDERSTAND! THE LAW MUST DEAL IT OUT TO THOSE WHOM ONLY A GALLOWS CAN REFORM!

FROM OUR SCOUTING REPORTS, BOTH CLANS ARE WAGING THE MOST FURIOUS RECRUITING CAMPAIGNS I EVER DID HEAR OF, BUT NOTHING SHORT OF THE AMERICAN ARMY ITSELF CAN LICK THESE MEN. NOW! I'VE LED THEM THROUGH EVERY KIND OF MESS, AND WE'VE ALWAYS COME OUT ON TOP!



THE FEUDERS SURE WENT TO ALL LENGTHS TO DRAFT MEN! ANYBODY WITH BLOOD IN HIS VEINS WAS CONSIDERED A PROSPECT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE'S TOO YOUNG? HE CAN HOLD A GUN, CAN'T HE?

IT'S YOUR PATRIOTIC DUTY TO DEFEND DEWITT COUNTY AGAINST THE INVASION OF THE RANGERS!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, SUTTER! I WON'T JOIN YOUR GANG OF CUTTHROATS, NOR WILL I PERMIT YOU TO DRAFT MY SON! I'M A RESPECTABLE DOCTOR AND I INTEND TO STAY RESPECTABLE...

RESPECTABLE BUT DEAD, DOC--THAT'S YOU!

THEN JOE SUTTER SAID I WAS AS BAD AS MY HUSBAND, AND THEY BLAZED AWAY!

YOU'LL LIVE TO SEE THE MURDERERS HANGED, MRS. DALZELL! LIEUTENANT, THE ENTIRE SUTTER CLAN IS CELEBRATING A WEDDING TONIGHT IN GONZALES! WE'RE GOING THERE TONIGHT TO GIVE THEM OUR BLESSING--IN HOT LEAD!



HAVE YOUR MEN SURROUND THE BUILDING, LIEUTENANT! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL!

YOU BET! GOOD LUCK, JUDGE!

ALL RIGHT. STOP THE MUSIC! THIS PARTY'S OVER, BUT THERE'S A NECKTIE PARTY ABOUT TO START! FIFTY-THREE OF YOU ARE INVITED TO IT! CORPORAL, READ OFF THE ONES WE WANT!

JUST A MINUTE, JUDGE! READIN' THAT LIST WON'T DO YOU NO GOOD! WE WOULDN'T GO ALONG WITH YOU IF THAT LIST WAS PRINTED IN SOLID GOLD!

BUT YOU'LL COME JUST THE SAME, SUTTER! DEAD OR ALIVE YOU'LL COME--YOU AND YOUR PACK OF FILTHY MURDERERS!

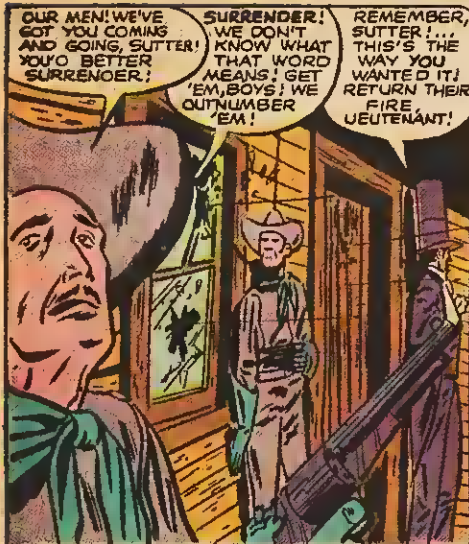
NOT AS LONG AS WE OUTGUN YA, JUDGE! SAY YOUR PRAYERS--YOU'RE GOIN' TO TAKE THE LONG JOURNEY!

H...HEY, WHAT'S THE WHISTLE FOR? WHO'S BLOWN THAT WHISTLE?





# OBEY THE LAW



OUR MEN! WE'VE GOT YOU COMING AND GOING, SUTTER! YOU'D BETTER SURRENDER!

SURRENDER! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT WORD MEANS! GET 'EM, BOYS! WE OUTNUMBER 'EM!

REMEMBER, SUTTER!... THIS'S THE WAY YOU WANTED IT! RETURN THEIR FIRE, LIEUTENANT!

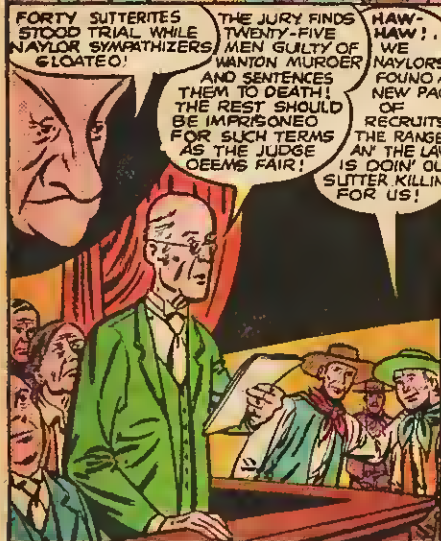
AN' A RIGHT ACCURATE FIRE IT WAS, TOO! THE SUTTER CLAN WASN'T USED TO BEIN' AT THE RECEVIN' END OF SIX-SHOOTERS! BUT IT WAS SOMETHIN' THEY KINDA GOT USED TO PRONTO!

HOW FINE, SERGEANT! YA OOH! AS LONG AS THEY KEEP PASSING THE AMMUNITION!

AN HOUR LATER, THE SURVIVIN' SUTTERS FOUND IT JUST AS UNCOMFORTABLE BEING CAPTURED AS KILLED!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I'M SHERIFF MEADOR OF GONZALES COUNTY... WHAT IS THIS?

A HANGING SHERIFF MEADOR! YOU'LL DO THE HANGING PERSONALLY!... THIS STAR YOU'VE BEEN WEARING IS A MOCKERY OF YOUR OFFICE! A SHEEP-KILLING DOG DESERVES TO WEAR IT SOONER THAN YOU!

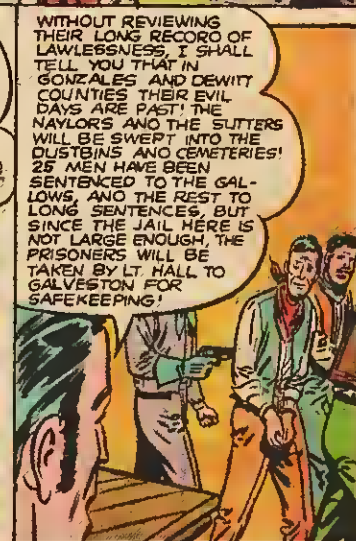


FORTY SUTTERITES STOOD TRIAL WHILE NAYLOR SYMPATHIZERS GLOATED!

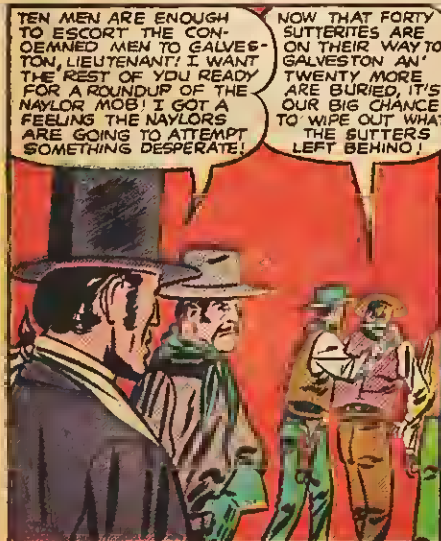
THE JURY FINDS TWENTY-FIVE MEN GUILTY OF WANTON MURDER AND SENTENCES THEM TO DEATH! THE REST SHOULD BE IMPRISONED FOR SUCH TERMS AS THE JUDGE DEEMS FAIR!

HAW-HAW!... WE NAYLORS FOUND A NEW PACK OF RECRUITS! THE RANGERS ARE DOIN' OUR SUTTER KILLIN' FOR US!

DO YOU KNOW WHY THE NAYLORS DIDN'T SHOW UP IN COURT? I'LL TELL YOU WHY! THEY KNOW THEIR NUMBER IS UP! THEY'RE NEXT IN LINE FOR THE GALLOWS! GONZALES AND DEWITT COUNTIES HAVE BEEN THE DISGRACE OF TEXAS! ARMED BANDS OF MEN COMMITTING TERRIBLE OUTRAGES AND KILLING WHOEVER THEY PLEASED ROAMED OVER THESE COUNTIES! BUT NO MORE!



WITHOUT REVIEWING THEIR LONG RECORD OF LAWLESSNESS, I SHALL TELL YOU THAT IN GONZALES AND DEWITT COUNTIES THEIR EVIL DAYS ARE PAST! THE NAYLORS AND THE SUTTERS WILL BE SWEEPED INTO THE DUSTBINS AND CEMETERIES! 25 MEN HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO THE GALLOWS, AND THE REST TO LONG SENTENCES, BUT SINCE THE JAIL HERE IS NOT LARGE ENOUGH, THE PRISONERS WILL BE TAKEN BY LT. HALL TO GALVESTON FOR SAFEKEEPING!



TEN MEN ARE ENOUGH TO ESCORT THE CONDEMNED MEN TO GALVESTON, LIEUTENANT! I WANT THE REST OF YOU READY FOR A ROUNDUP OF THE NAYLOR MOB! I GOT A FEELING THE NAYLORS ARE GOING TO ATTEMPT SOMETHING DESPERATE!

NOW THAT FORTY SUTTERITES ARE ON THEIR WAY TO GALVESTON AN' TWENTY MORE ARE BURIED, IT'S OUR BIG CHANCE TO WIPE OUT WHAT THE SUTTERS LEFT BEHIND!



THERE THEY GO, JUDGE... JUST AS YOU FIGURED! THE WHOLE DAMN NAYLOR CLAN ON THE WAR PATH!

LET 'EM GET OOPER INTO SUTTER TERRITORY, LIEUTENANT! I WANT THEM REO-HANDED!



LIEUTENANT! THE NAYLORS JUST BEGAN TO SHOOT UP THE TOWN OF GONZALES... ANY ORDERS?

HOW ABOUT IT, JUDGE?

I SAY ATTACK WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT, LIEUTENANT!



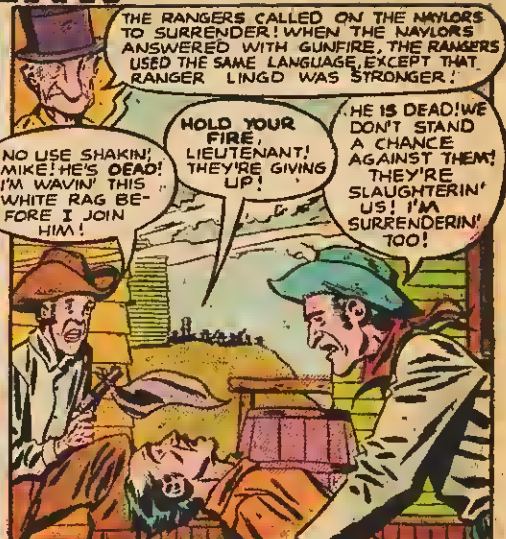
# OBEY THE LAW



IT'S THE RANGERS!

I THOUGHT THEY WENT TO GALVESTON TO HANG THE SUTTERS!

BRING 'EM DOWN OR IT'S THE END OF US!

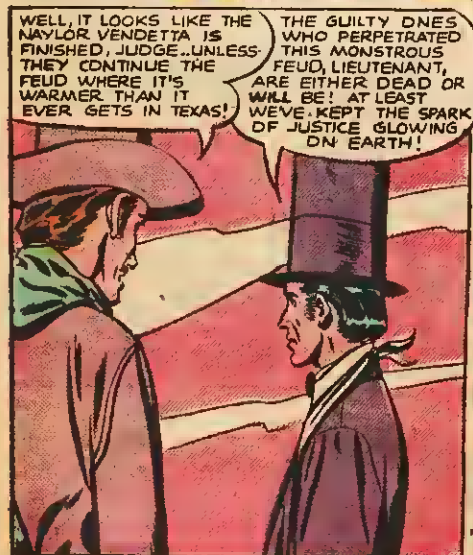


THE RANGERS CALLED ON THE NAYLORS TO SURRENDER! WHEN THE NAYLORS ANSWERED WITH GUNFIRE, THE RANGERS USED THE SAME LANGUAGE, EXCEPT THAT RANGER LINGO WAS STRONGER!

NO USE SHAKIN' MIKE! HE'S DEAD! I'M WAVIN' THIS WHITE FLAG BEFORE I JOIN HIM!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, LIEUTENANT! THEY'RE GIVING UP!

HE IS DEAD! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THEM! THEY'RE SLAUGHTERIN' US! I'M SURRENDERIN' TOO!

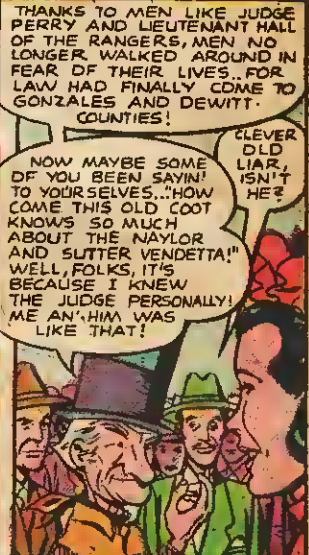


WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THE NAYLOR VENDETTA IS FINISHED, JUDGE... UNLESS THEY CONTINUE THE FEUD WHERE IT'S WARMER THAN IT EVER GETS IN TEXAS!

THE GUILTY ONES WHO PERPETRATED THIS MONSTROUS FEUD, LIEUTENANT, ARE EITHER DEAD OR WILL BE! AT LEAST WE'VE KEPT THE SPARK OF JUSTICE GLOWING ON EARTH!



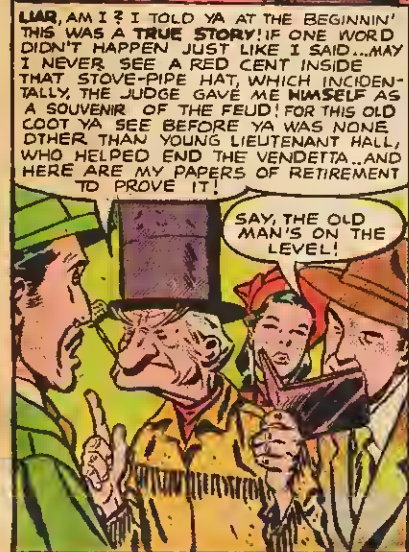
AND SO THE NAYLORS AN' THE SUTTERS DISAPPEARED FROM TEXAS! THEM THAT DIDN'T DIE ON THE GALLOWS, DIED IN JAIL, AN' THOSE THAT LIVED WERE SCATTERED TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE WEST, WHERE THEY DIDN'T DARE RUN AFOUL OF THE LAW AGAIN! THEY GOT ENOUGH MEDICINE FROM THE TEXAS RANGERS TO LAST 'EM A LIFETIME!



THANKS TO MEN LIKE JUDGE PERRY AND LIEUTENANT HALL OF THE RANGERS, MEN NO LONGER WALKED AROUND IN FEAR OF THEIR LIVES. FOR LAW HAD FINALLY COME TO GONZALES AND DEWITT COUNTIES!

NOW MAYBE SOME OF YOU BEEN SAYIN' TO YOURSELVES... HOW COME THIS OLD COOT KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT THE NAYLOR AND SUTTER VENDETTA? WELL, FOLKS, IT'S BECAUSE I KNEW THE JUDGE PERSONALLY! ME AN' HIM WAS LIKE THAT!

CLEVER OLD LIAR, ISN'T HE?



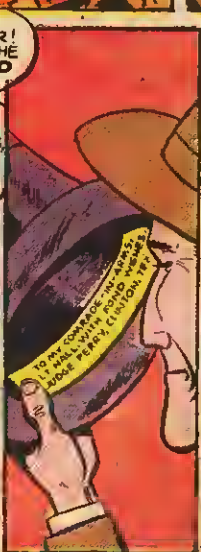
LIAR, AM I? I TOLD YA AT THE BEGINNIN' THIS WAS A TRUE STORY! IF ONE WORD DIDN'T HAPPEN JUST LIKE I SAID... MAY I NEVER SEE A RED CENT INSIDE THAT STOVE-PIPE HAT, WHICH INCIDENTALLY, THE JUDGE GAVE ME HIMSELF AS A SOUVENIR OF THE FEUD! FOR THIS OLD COOT YA SEE BEFORE YA WAS NONE OTHER THAN YOUNG LIEUTENANT HALL, WHO HELPED END THE VENDETTA... AND HERE ARE MY PAPERS OF RETIREMENT TO PROVE IT!

SAY, THE OLD MAN'S ON THE LEVEL!



A TABLE TOP COULDN'T BE MORE LEVEL, MISTER! TAKE A GANDER AT THE HAT BAND! G'WAN, READ OUT WHAT IT SAYS!

"TO MY COMRADE-IN-ARMS, LT. HALL, WITH FOND WISHES, JUDGE PERRY, CLINTON, TEXAS! YEP, THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS!"



A PIP OF A STORY, OLD SCOUT!

THANKS, MISTER! I GUESS THEY ALL THOUGHT SO! THANK YOU KINDLY, FOLKS! THANK YOU! YOU SURE MADE AN OLD-TIMER FEEL GOOD!



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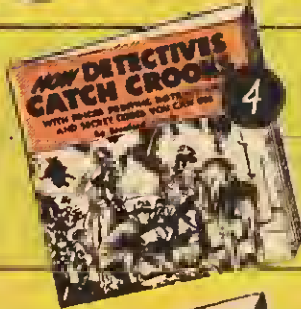


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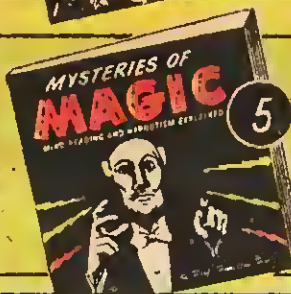


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# OBEY THE LAW

**A TRUE  
WILD WEST  
STORY**

## "BUCKSKIN" FRANK COMBS

AFTER MURDERING THIRTEEN MEN, HE MET DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A WOMAN!

FRANK COMBS  
KILLED  
1881



BOY, OH BOY, HERE COME TWO MORE PROSPEROUS LOOKIN' PROSPECTORS! DOWN, JULIE, IN CASE I MISS 'EM!

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT YOU, MISSIN' 'EM, FRANK! YOU'RE THE DEADDEST SHOT IN THE WEST!

DRAW FAST, RED - IT'S FRANK COMBS!

THIS IS THE TALE OF A RUTHLESS OUTLAW WITHOUT PARALLEL! "BUCKSKIN" FRANK COMBS WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO GET WHAT HE WANTED! LEAVING HIS NATIVE KENTUCKY, HE BROUGHT HIS VICIOUSNESS TO ARIZONA, WHERE HE BECAME THE MOST HATED MAN IN THE STATE! OUR STORY STARTS IN WESTERN KENTUCKY, IN 1878, WHERE COMBS HAD JUST FINISHED A TWO YEAR JAIL SENTENCE!

T. DI PRETA

THE FOLKS'LL SURE BE GLAD TO HAVE YA BACK AGAIN, FRANK! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY THAT CAN HANDLE THEM SHEPAROS, AND SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE, THEY'VE BEEN GETTIN' TOO BIG FOR THEIR BRITCHES AND BEEN BUYIN' UP ALL THE LAND!

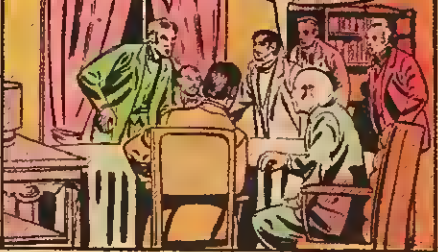
SHEPARDS! I HATE THAT NAME SO BAD IT MAKES MY BLOOD BOIL JUST TO HEAR IT! TWO YEARS IN JAIL JUST FOR KILLING ONE OF THEM! BUT THEY WON'T CATCH ME AT IT AGAIN- THIS TIME THERE'LL BE NO WITNESSES JED!

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' T'HEAR, FRANK-NOW I KNOW THAT STRETCH IN THE POKE OION'T MAKE YA LOSE YOUR NERVE! WE'LL MAKE THEM SHEPARDS WISH THEY WERE NEVER BORN!

AND THE SOONER THE BETTER! THESE HILLS ARE GETTIN' TOO LAW ABIOIN' AND TOO PEACEFUL! AS SOON AS I'VE TAKEN CARE OF THEM SHEPAROS, I'M HEADIN' OUT WEST, WHERE THEY NEED A GOOD TRIGGER MAN!

I SAY, LET'S FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE! FRANK COMBS HAS BEEN BACK FROM JAIL ONLY ONE WEEK AND TODAY MY BROTHER TIM, WAS FOUND SHOT TO DEATH! WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THE LAW TO RUN DOWN THIS KILLER. WHEN WE KNOW HE OID IT! HE'LL KEEP GUNNIN' TILL HE GETS ALL OF US. UNLESS WE GET HIM FIRST!

LESLIE, I WON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF TALK UNDER MY ROOF! WE HAVE NO PROOF! IF AND WHEN WE DO GET SOME, WE'LL SEE THAT THE LAW TAKES CARE OF COMBS! UNTIL THEN, I WANT NO MORE TALK ABOUT TAKING THE LAW INTO OUR OWN HANDS!





# OBEY THE LAW

BUT THAT MAY BE TOO LATE, DAD! WE'VE GOT WIVES AND CHILDREN-HOMES WE'VE WORKED HARD TO BUILD FROM SCRATCH! WE'RE LIABLE TO BE MURDERED IN OUR BEDS WITH A MADMAN LIKE FRANK COMBS ON THE LOOSE!

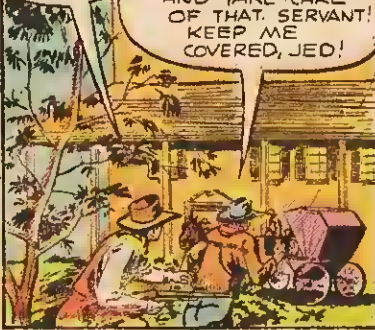
STOP WORRYING ABOUT FRANK COMBS, HE'LL BE TAKEN CARE OF IN TIME! WE'VE GOT THE HARVESTING PLANS TO DISCUSS, AND WE'RE KEEPING THE LADIES WAITING! NOW, LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!



WHAT A SETUP THIS'LL BE, FRANK- EVERY SHEPARD IN THE STATE IS GATHERED IN THERE!

...AND EVERY SHEPARD OLD ENOUGH TO WEAR KNEE BRITCHES'LL BE DEAD IN ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES!

AS SOON AS THE CARRIAGE PULLS AWAY, I'LL SLIP UP AND TAKE CARE OF THAT SERVANT! KEEP ME COVERED, JED!



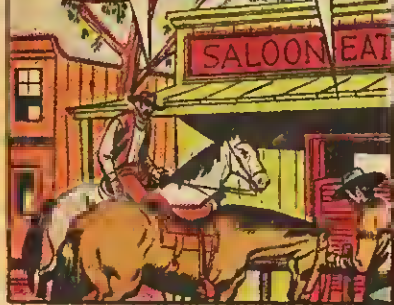
YA SURE DID THAT NEAT, FRANK! HERE'S YOUR SHOTGUN! FOLLOW ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THE MEETIN' ROOM IS! THE MEN FOLKS ARE PROBABLY THERE TALKIN' ABOUT THE KILLIN' YOU DID THE OTHER DAY! IF THEY ARE, IT'LL BE A CINCH TO GET 'EM ALL!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THEM SHEPARDS FALL WHEN I GIVE 'EM BOTH BARRELS FRDM OLD BETSY, HERE! LEAD THE WAY, JED!



FOLKS ARE SURE TALKING ABOUT THEM SIX SHEPARDS THAT MET THEIR MAKER PLUMB SUDDEN LIKE, DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, FRANK! I HEAR THAT THE OLD MAN DIDN'T GET THE KILLERS!

THAT'S GOOD, BUT HE KNOWS DARN WELL WHO DID IT! I'LL SLEEP A LITTLE BETTER WHEN HE'S OUT OF THE WAY!



WELL, IF WE AIN'T IN LUCK, FRANK! DO YOU SEE WHO I SEE? IT'S OLD MAN SHEPARD EATIN' HIS VITTLES! HE SEEMS RIGHT UNHAPPY SINCE WE MADE AN ORPHAN OUT OF HIM!

LET'S GIVE HIM OUR CON- DOLENCES!



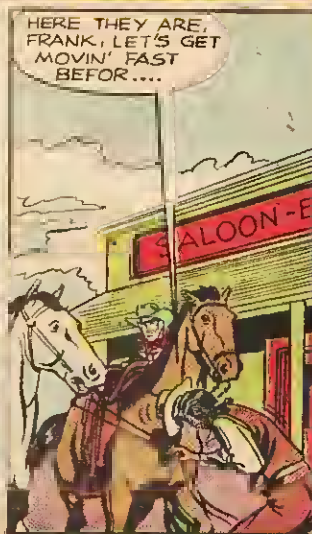
YOU DON'T MIND IF WE SIT DOWN HERE WITH YOU, MR. SHEPARD, DO YA? ALL THE OTHER TABLES ARE DIRTY, AN' BESIDES, SINCE YOU'RE SO UNHAPPY, WE GOT SOMETHING IN COMMON! ME AND MY BRDHER JED HERE ARE UNHAPPY TOO!

PROBABLY UNHAPPY THAT THEY DIDN'T KILL ME TOO! IF ONLY I HAD SOME EVIDENCE AGAINST THESE INHUMAN FIENDS!





# OBEY THE LAW



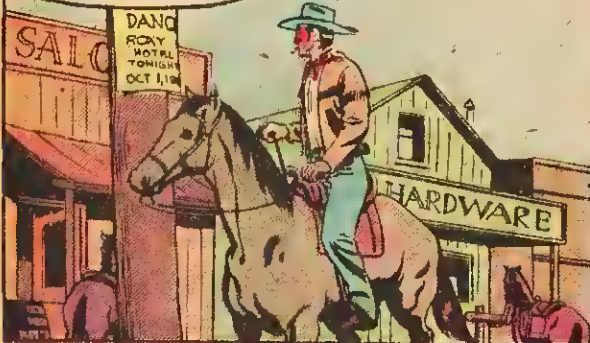


# OBEDY THE LAW

SIX WEEKS LATER!

SO THIS IS BAR CREEK, ARIZONA! THE TOUGHEST TOWN IN THE WEST—WHERE A KILLIN' ON MAIN STREET DON'T CAUSE NO MORE FUSS THAN A SUNNY DAY!

THAT DANCE AT THE HOTEL TONIGHT MIGHT BE INTERESTIN'! I THINK I'LL LOOK IN ON IT!



WHO IN BLAZES IS THAT STRANGER DANCIN' WITH JULIE?

DON'T YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS, SANJO? THAT'S BUCKSKIN FRANK COMBS! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE QUITE A KILLER!



BUCKSKIN FRANK COMBS? I THOUGHT I KNEW EVERY GUN TOTES THIS SIDE OF THE MISSISSIPPI, BUT HE'S A NEW ONE TO ME! I CAN'T PLACE HIM!

NOBODY ELSE CAN, BUT HE'S BAD-AN' ADMITS IT... I WAS TALKIN' TO HIM ALONG WITH SOME OF THE OTHER BOYS!

I LIKE DANCING WITH YOU, MR. COMBS, BUT YOU MAY GET INTO TROUBLE OVER IT! SANDY WHITE, THE GRUFF LOOKING MAN WITH THE MUSTACHE OVER THERE, IS VERY JEALOUS OF ME!



A BAD MAN, EH? WELL, I'M GONNA LEARN THAT FRESH TENDERFOOT THAT HE CAN'T COME IN HERE AND STEAL MY GAL AWAY WITH HIS PRETTY DANCING! HEY, COMBS!



THAT LADY IS MY FIANCEE! DON'T DANCE WITH HER NO MORE—THAT IS—IF YOU LIKE LIVIN'!

LOOK WHO'S TALKIN'! WHY YOU LOCOED REPTILE, YOU'VE JUST SIGNED YOUR DEATH WARRANT!



NOW MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE, COMBS, AND...

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOIN' SOMEWHERE, SANDY! HAVE A DRINK!



ANYONE ELSE HERE WHO THINKS THEY CAN THREATEN FRANK COMBS, SPEAK UP NOW!



HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT! TWO SLUGS WENT PLUMB THROUGH HIS TICKER!

POOR SANDY WAS PRETTY LIQUORED UP! THERE WAS NO NEED FOR SHOOTING!

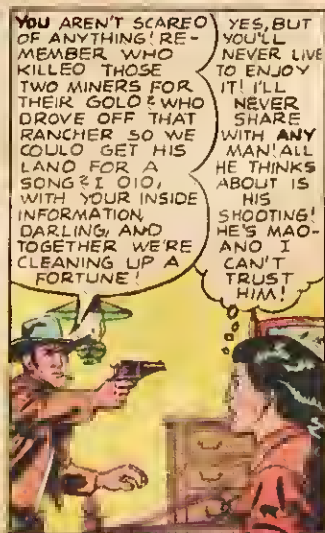
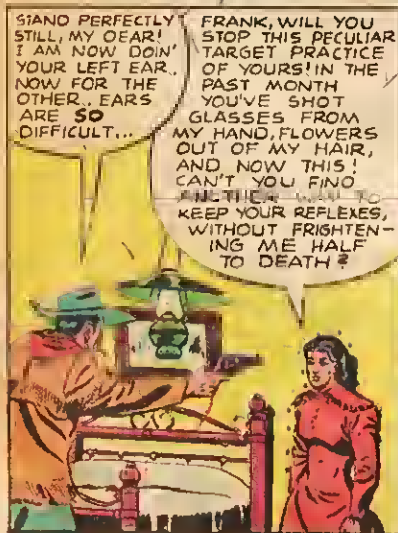
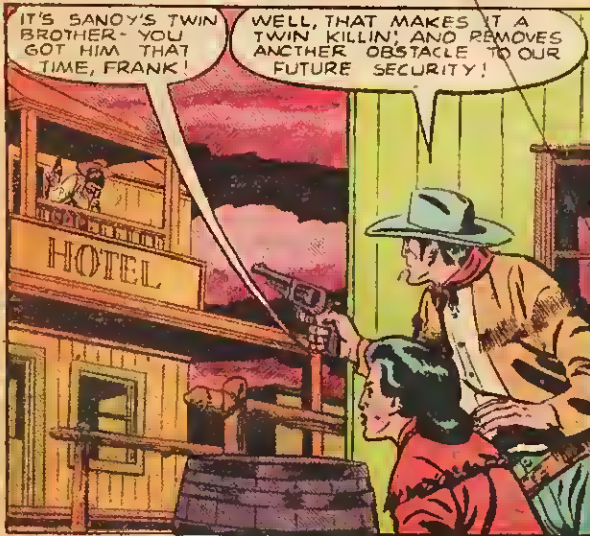
C'MON, MISS JULIE! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ALONE!

YOU CAN BET SANDY'S BROTHER, MORGAN, WON'T LET THIS PASS! IF I WAS THAT BUCKSKIN FELLA, I'D GET ON MY HORSE AND GET!



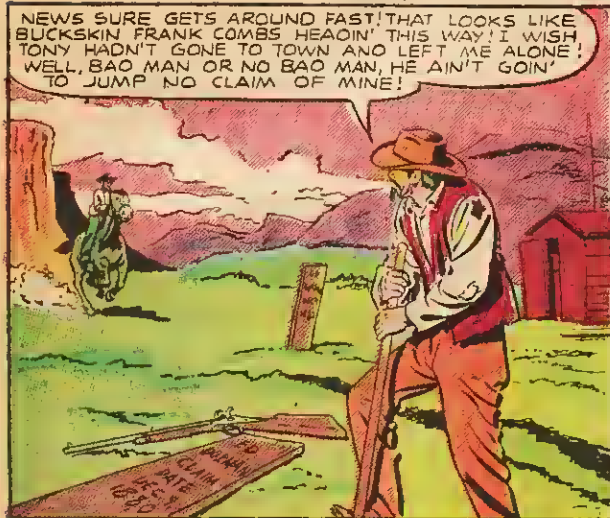


# OBEDIENT THE LAW

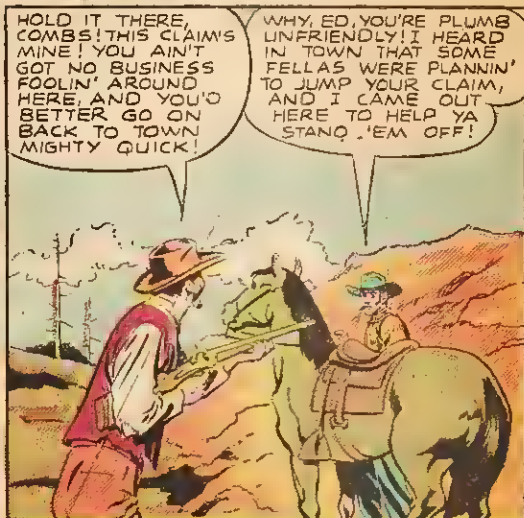




# OBEY THE LAW

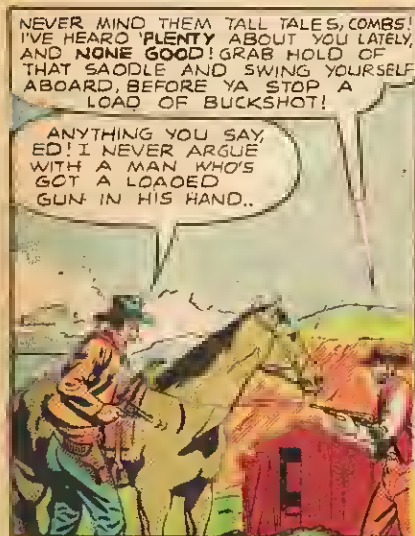


NEWS SURE GETS AROUND FAST! THAT LOOKS LIKE BUCKSKIN FRANK COMBS HEADING THIS WAY! I WISH TONY HADN'T GONE TO TOWN AND LEFT ME ALONE! WELL, BAO MAN OR NO BAO MAN, HE AIN'T GOIN' TO JUMP NO CLAIM OF MINE!



HOLD IT THERE, COMBS! THIS CLAIM'S MINE! YOU AIN'T GOT NO BUSINESS FOOLIN' AROUND HERE, AND YOU'D BETTER GO ON BACK TO TOWN MIGHTY QUICK!

WHY, ED, YOU'RE PLUMB UNFRIENDLY! I HEARD IN TOWN THAT SOME FELLAS WERE PLANNIN' TO JUMP YOUR CLAIM, AND I CAME OUT HERE TO HELP YA STANQ 'EM OFF!

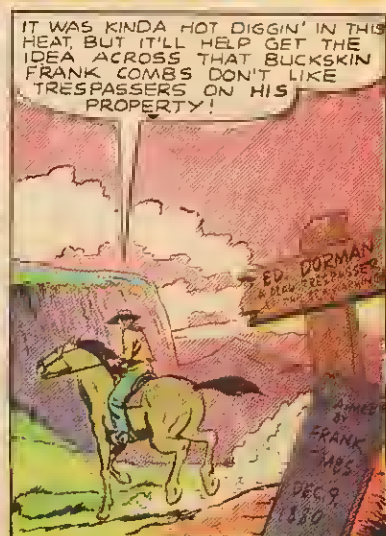


NEVER MIND THEM TALL TALES, COMBS! I'VE HEARD 'PLENTY ABOUT YOU LATELY, AND NONE GOOD! GRAB HOLD OF THAT SADDLE AND SWING YOURSELF ABOARD, BEFORE YA STOP A LOAD OF BUCKSHOT!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, ED! I NEVER ARGUE WITH A MAN WHO'S GOT A LOADED GUN IN HIS HAND..

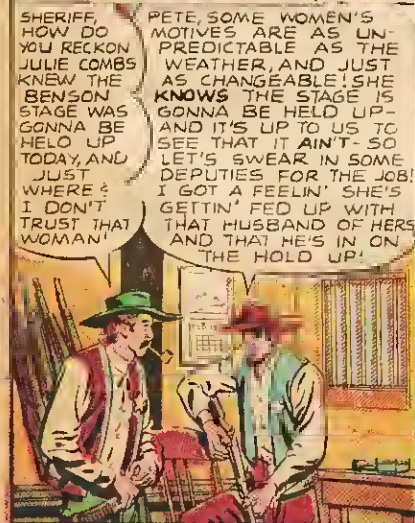


...NOT UNLESS I'VE GOT ONE OF MY OWN! MOWS THAT? YA DON'T MIND A LITTLE LEAD MIXED WITH YOUR SILVER, DO YOU?



IT WAS KINDA HOT DIGGIN' IN THIS HEAT, BUT IT'LL HELP GET THE IDEA ACROSS THAT BUCKSKIN FRANK COMBS DON'T LIKE TRESPASSERS ON HIS PROPERTY!

TWO WEEKS LATER!

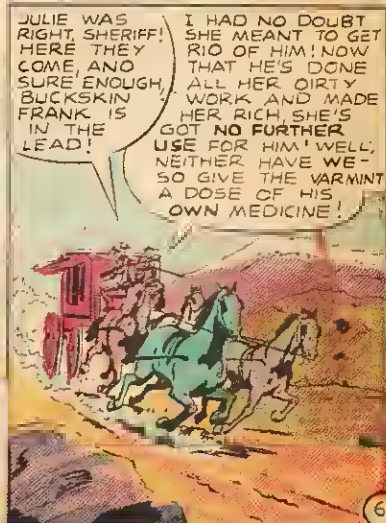


SHERIFF, HOW DO YOU RECKON JULIE COMBS KNEW THE BENSON STAGE WAS GONNA BE HELO UP TODAY, AND JUST WHERE I DON'T TRUST THAT WOMAN!

PETE, SOME WOMEN'S MOTIVES ARE AS UNPREDICTABLE AS THE WEATHER, AND JUST AS CHANGEABLE! SHE KNOWS THE STAGE IS GONNA BE HELO UP, AND IT'S UP TO US TO SEE THAT IT AIN'T! SO LET'S SWEAR IN SOME DEPUTIES FOR THE JOB! I GOT A FEELIN' SHE'S GETTIN' FED UP WITH THAT HUSBAND OF HERS AND THAT HE'S IN ON THE HOLD UP!



IT'S COMIN', FRANK! GOOD! AND RIGHT ON TIME LIKE JULIE SAID! I STILL CAN'T FIGGER OUT WHY SHE WAS SO SET ON US KNOCKING OVER THIS STAGE WHEN THE MINES ARE MAKING US RICH, BUT SHE NEVER STEERED ME WRONG YET! REMEMBER, LEE, LEAVE NO WITNESSES!



JULIE WAS RIGHT, SHERIFF! HERE THEY COME, AND SURE ENOUGH, BUCKSKIN FRANK IS IN THE LEAD!

I HAD NO DOUBT SHE MEANT TO GET RIO OF HIM! NOW THAT HE'S DONE ALL HER DIRTY WORK AND MADE HER RICH, SHE'S GOT NO FURTHER USE FOR HIM! WELL, NEITHER HAVE WE—SO GIVE THE VARMINT A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!



# OBEY THE LAW





**OBEY THE LAW**

# SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by  
**CLAUDE MOORE**



**WILD  
BILL**

**HICKOK**

SHOT AND KILLED PHIL COE

— IN SELF DEFENSE

COE'S MOTHER OFFERED  
\$10,000 REWARD TO ANYONE  
WHO WOULD KILL WILD BILL  
AND BRING HER HIS HEAD!

IT PLACED HICKOK'S LIFE  
IN CONSTANT DANGER, FOR THERE  
WERE PLENTY OF BAD MEN  
WILLING TO TRY FOR THAT REWARD.  
HICKOK WAS A 2-GUN MAN AND  
A DEAD SHOT WITH EITHER HAND—  
HE BELIEVED IN SHOOTING FIRST  
AND ASKING QUESTIONS  
AFTERWARDS!

**ABILENE**

ONE OF THE WILDEST TOWNS  
OF THE OLD WEST  
WAS TAMED BY ONE MAN—  
MARSHAL TOM SMITH!  
HE ORDERED ALL MEN TO  
CHECK THEIR GUNS IN THEIR  
FAVORITE STORE UNTIL THEY  
WERE LEAVING TOWN!  
ANYONE CAUGHT WEARING  
A GUN IN TOWN WAS  
KNOCKED TO THE GROUND  
BY SMITH AND HIS GUN  
TAKEN FROM HIM!



**\$5,000  
REWARD**

FOR DEAD BANK ROBBERS  
NOT ONE CENT FOR LIVE ONES!

SOME WESTERN BANKS ONCE  
DISPLAYED SUCH POSTERS BUT  
THEY HAD TO DISCONTINUE THE  
REWARD AS TOO MANY INNOCENT  
PEOPLE WERE BEING KILLED FOR  
THE MONEY— IT WASN'T SAFE TO  
WALK PAST A BANK  
AT NIGHT!



THE  
CHIEF OF TEXAS STATE POLICE

*James Davidson*

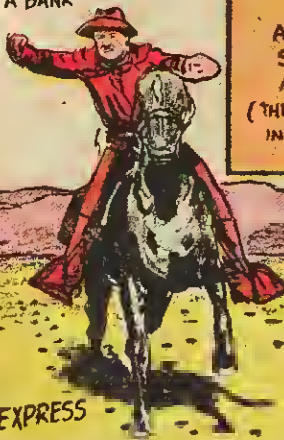
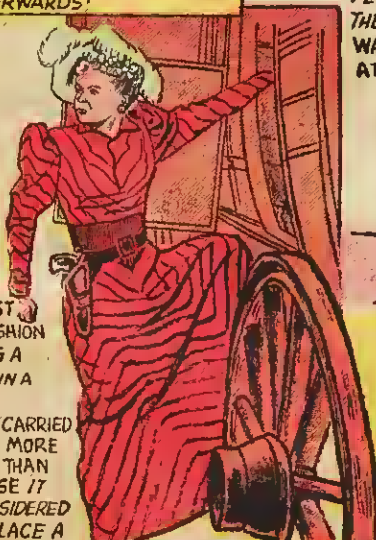
ABSCONDED WITH \$34,000  
SWINDLED FROM NEWLY  
RECRUITED POLICEMEN!

(THE STATE POLICE WAS ABOLISHED  
IN APRIL 1873 AND THE RANGERS  
STRENGTHENED.)

A  
STRANGE  
SIGHT  
COMMON  
IN THE  
FRONTIER  
TOWNS

WAS  
A WOMAN  
DRESSED  
IN THE LATEST  
FEMININE FASHION  
AND WEARING A  
6-SHOOTER IN A  
HOLSTER—

THOSE WHO CARRIED  
GUNS WERE MORE  
DANGEROUS THAN  
MEN BECAUSE IT  
WASN'T CONSIDERED  
RIGHT TO PLACE A  
WOMAN IN JAIL AND SOME TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THIS!



THE  
PONY EXPRESS

(WELLS-FARGO AND COMPANY) WOULD CARRY PACKAGES  
FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO FOR FORTY CENTS  
IN THE DAYS WHEN DESERT, INDIANS, AND ROBBERS WERE WILD!

C.H. MOORE



**THE NEW SENSATION**

**BUCK ROGERS**

*Sonic Ray*

Only **\$2.50** EACH

**Labels on the device:**

- ELECTRONIC CONVERTER
- RAY CHAMBER WITH LATERAL FLASH VENTS
- DURAGLASS RAY FILTER
- CONVERTER LOCK
- FISSION HEAT ELIMINATORS
- TELE-RADAR SIGHT
- URANIUM POWER CHAMBER
- FISSION SPEED REGULATORS
- NEUTRON RELEASE TRIGGER
- SONIC RESONATOR
- CYCLOTRON CHAMBER

**THAT'S FOR ME!**

#### HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN BUCK FIRES HIS SONIC RAY

Buck aims through Tele-Radar Sight. He presses Neutron Release trigger. This frees neutrons in Cyclotron Chamber. The neutrons are shot into Uranium Power Chamber and atoms are split at a rate controlled by Fission Speed Regulators. The splitting atoms create atomic power and give off a high frequency buzz. The high frequency buzz is amplified in Sonic Resonator. The high Sonic Resonator power is given off by Fission Heat Eliminators. The atomic power passes into the Electronic Converter where the atomic energy is changed into electric power. The electrons flow into Ray Chamber where they pass through thorium elements which in turn give off the sonic ray. Most of the ray passes through Duraglass Ray-filter which allows only the sonic ray to pass. Lower frequency rays pass out through Lateral Flash Vents.

Now YOU can own this newest, most sensational instrument. Generates a powerful beam of light and high frequency buzz that you can SEE-HEAR and FEEL! Nothing else like it. Nothing else will give you so much fun—so many thrilling hours. Nothing else will be so admired—so wanted by everybody who sees it. And only \$2.50!

You press the trigger. It lights! It sounds! It flashes! Look at all the features shown above. Think what you can do with one of these new, famous Buck Rogers Sonic Rays. Think what a wonderful gift it will make, too. Order one for yourself—and some for Christmas and birthday presents.

But order today. This is the sensation of the year. Comes to you boxed, instrument finished in beautiful, durable plastic—in three colors! Complete with batteries and special booklet giving Morse and Buck Rogers Interplanetary Code. Order now.

**J. WHITFORD GORDON SALES CO.**  
305 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

**FREE IF YOU HURRY!**

Send your order now—and as a reward for promptness, we will give you a beautiful new ball-point pen with every Buck Rogers Sonic Ray you buy. This is one of America's best ball pens—yours if you send your order in early. Mail coupon today.

#### SEND COUPON TODAY

J. Whitford Gordon Sales Co., Dept. A  
505 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ Buck Rogers Sonic Ray(s) at \$2.50 each  
I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ Send C.O.D. \_\_\_\_\_

(Note: If sent C.O.D. there will be a few cents additional charge for postage.)

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

SEE DANGERS THAT  
LURK AHEAD IN THE  
POWERFUL RAY



SIGNAL YOUR FRIENDS  
DAY OR NIGHT



YOURS—THE BUCK  
ROGERS INTER-  
PLANETARY CODE



**NOTE:** In Buck Rogers' dangerous adventures, he must often use a secret code. We are passing this code, known only to Buck Rogers' Rocket Rangers, on to you. Use it to send secret messages to your friends. Only those who have a Sonic Ray will know this code.



Genuine TORCAN

# ELECTRIC MOTOR Only \$5<sup>95</sup>



You can use this husky practical motor in dozens of ways. Hook it up to small lathes, mechanical toys, saws or buffing wheels. Make your own phonograph turntable, rig up a drink mixer for milk shakes. It's one of the handiest, most practical motors to come on the market in years.

Comes to you all ready to plug in and use. Nothing to assemble; no trouble or bother. Just plug it in, turn switch and watch it hum. This precision engineered induction motor develops 1/25 horsepower. Turns with full load at 1500 r.p.m.'s; without load at 1750 r.p.m.'s.

## LOOK WHAT YOU GET

Finished in black wrinkle paint, complete with switch, step-down pulley, mounting brackets and a six foot cord and plug. Motor has self-oiling bearings and will run without further oiling for its full lifetime. It is abso-

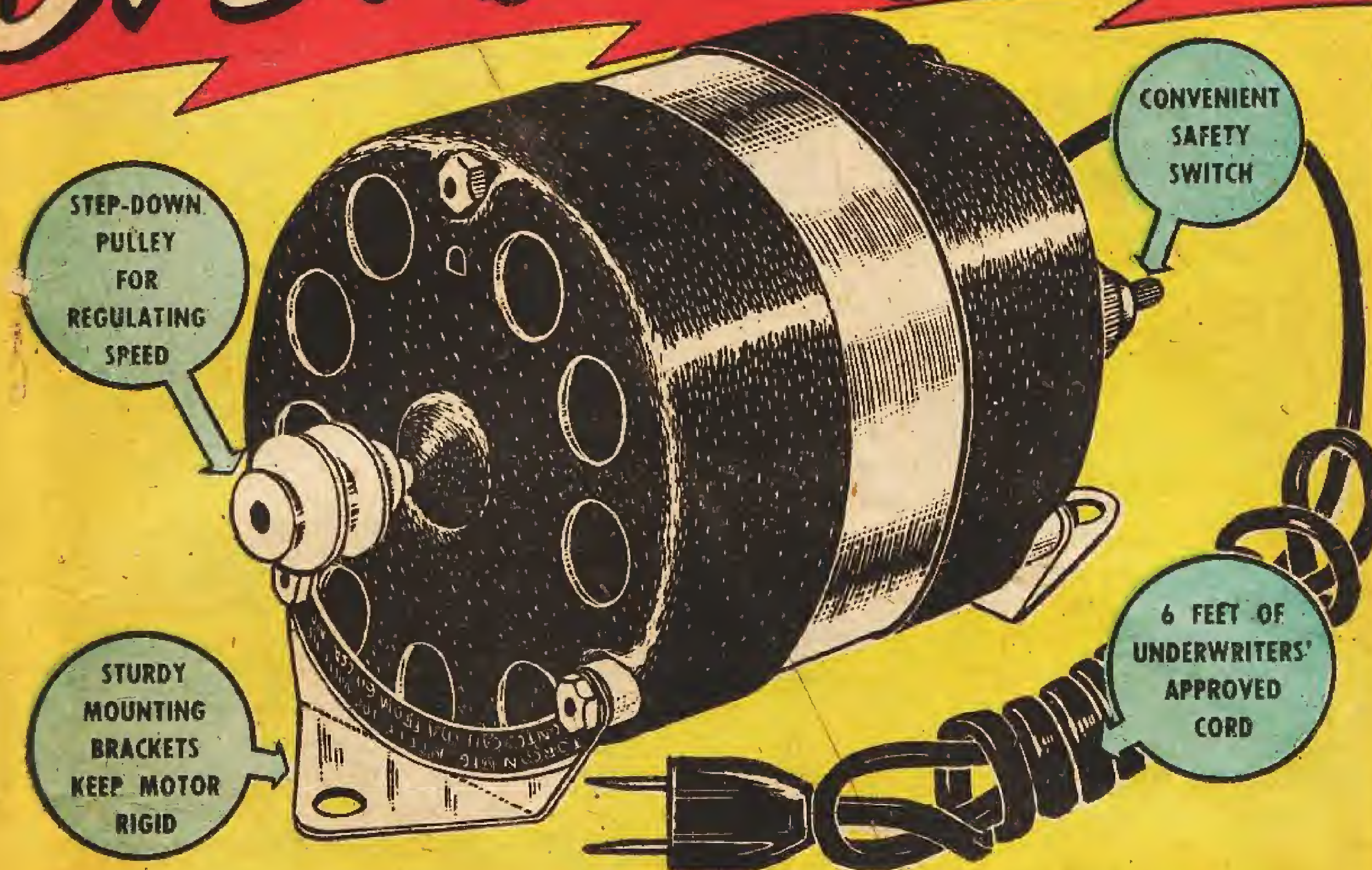
lutely silent in operation and will cause no radio interference.

Operates on 60 cycle current at 110-120 volts. Put it to work in any home that has AC current. It is strong, sturdy, dependable. Fun to own and operate.

## WHAT THIS MOTOR WILL DO

There are thousands of uses for this motor in and around your home workshop, your kitchen or playroom. Use it to operate small bandsaws, buffing wheels, lathes or electric fans. Hook it up to mechanical toys, milkshake, drink mixers or beaters. Will run winders for knitting wool, small bobbins for weaving, phonograph or other turntables. Wherever you want smooth, steady power, this motor will supply it.

It is not for sale in stores. Cannot be purchased anywhere else in the United States. We send it to you for only \$5.95 postpaid. Cut out the coupon, fill in your name and address and send your order today. This genuine Torcan motor—a husky, practical, helpful, electric motor that you will use for years—will come right to your home. Get your coupon in the mail—now.

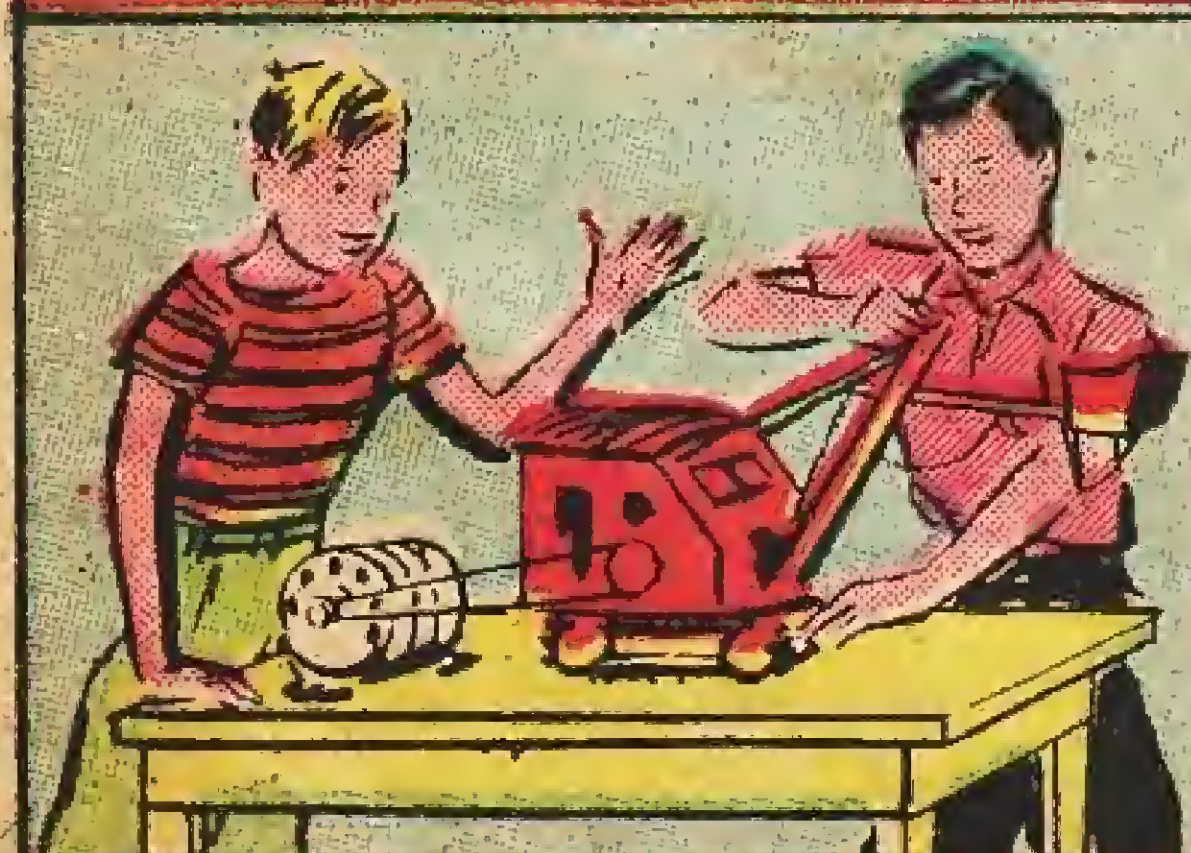


**NOW** you can get the kind of electric motor you have always needed and wanted. This is the kind of bargain you may never see again. So send now. Use this Coupon. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Send check or money order.

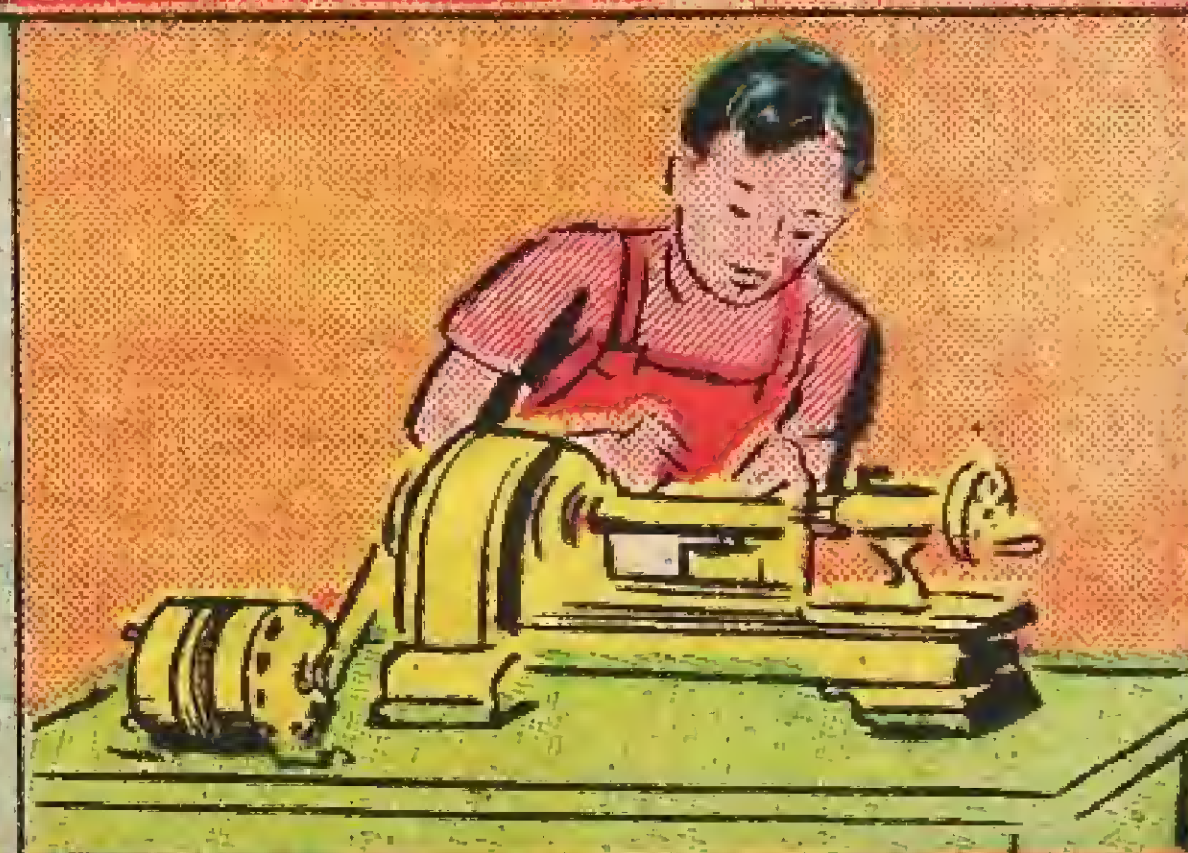
**GET YOUR MOTOR NOW!**  
**This Coupon Will Bring It to You!**

Don't be disappointed. Don't delay. This motor at \$5.95 is a bargain that may not last. Now, while you can still get it at this low price, let us send it to you. Use the coupon; be sure to fill in correct name and address. And get the coupon in the mail—right away.

MECHANICAL TOYS



SMALL LATHES



DRINK or MILK SHAKE MIXERS



PHONOGRAPH TURNTABLE



**AMERICAN TORCAN MOTORS 63-T CENTRAL AVENUE, OSSINING, N.Y.**

American Torcan Motors  
63-T Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for  
Torcan Electric Motors @ \$5.95 each. Please rush to me  
at once.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_, Zone \_\_\_\_\_, State \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print name and address clearly)



# NEVER BEFORE...

IN THE HISTORY OF ILLUSTRATIONS HAS THE ACCLAIM OF A SINGLE STORY BEEN SO OVERWHELMING! THE RESPONSE DEFINITELY ESTABLISHES ILLUSTRATIONS AS A GREAT LITERARY MEDIUM!

DEAR READERS:

IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY, THAT WE ARE CONSTANTLY TRYING TO BETTER OUR LAST EFFORTS WITH EACH NEW ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL! ACCORDING TO THE RESPONSE TO THE STORY ABOUT PETEY DAVIS IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE NO. 50, WE ARE MAKING PROGRESS! THESE ARE SOME OF THE HEAD-SWELLING LETTERS THAT THE FIRST WE REFER TO RECEIVED! OUR FIRST OBLIGATION IS TO ENTERTAIN YOU! HOWEVER, IF THESE STORIES ARE ABLE TO TEACH SOME MORAL TO EVEN ONE WHO NEEDS IT, THEY HAVE DONE MORE THAN IS RIGHTLY EXPECTED OF THEM! THE PROOF THAT DAREDEVIL IS GOING EVEN ONE BETTER IS BETWEEN THE LINES OF THESE AND THE MANY THOUSANDS OF LETTERS THAT WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM YOU!

the editors

I READ FEW COMICS, SO IT WAS BY ACCIDENT THAT I READ THE STORY OF PETEY DAVIS. THIS LETTER IS TO TELL YOU I THINK IT IS ONE OF THE BEST SHORT STORIES I HAVE EVER READ -- FROM DE MAD-PASSANT TO MARK TWAIN -- AND I ENJOYED IT IMMENSELY.

SALIE GREENBERG  
531 LEONARD ST.  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

IN YOUR DAREDEVIL NO. 50 I PARTICULARLY LIKED THE STORY ABOUT PETER DAVIS THAT DAREDEVIL TOLD. PETER DAVIS NO. 1 WAS LIKE A BOY I KNOW, AND I'M SURE IF HE READS IT, IT WILL CHANGE HIM.

GEORGE ALLEN  
252 SO. THIRD AVE.  
BRIGHTON, COLORADO

DEAR MR. BIRO:  
MAY I, A MERE TEEN-AGER, HAVE THE HONOR TO PRESENT YOU WITH AN OSCAR AND MY OWN PERSONAL NOBEL PRIZE FOR YOUR SINCERE AND STIRRING STORY OF PETEY DAVIS IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL. I MYSELF, AM MORE THAN WILDLY INTERESTED IN JOURNALISTIC EFFORTS, AND SINCERELY APPLAUD YOUR WONDERFUL STORY -- WHICH IN ALL REALITY CANNOT BE CALLED A STORY. IT REPRESENTS THE IDEALS OF AMERICANISM, THE AMERICAN AND REAL SIDE OF OUR MORE THAN JUST A MERE TALE YOU WOVE, MR. BIRO. IT WAS TRULY AN ACHIEVEMENT. CON-PUBLICATION SUCCESS, AND MAY YOUR PUBLICATION REACH EVERY CORNER WHERE HUMAN LIFE EXISTS IN THE UNIVERSE.

MISS BEVERLY LEVIN  
1355 SO. KOLIN AVE.  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

AFTER READING DAREDEVIL COMICS NO. 50, I WOULD LIKE TO COM-MENT ON YOUR WONDERFUL WORK. THE STORY OF PETEY NO. 1 AND PETEY NO. 2 WAS AN EXCELLENT PORTRAYAL OF A BOY WHO HAD A CHANCE TO BE A GREAT OLYMPIC STAR OR LEAD A LIFE OF CRIME. FEAR AND DESPAIR. IF MORE BOYS AND GIRLS WOULD READ THAT STORY, I'M SURE THAT THERE WOULD BE LESS JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

HARRIET OUTLER  
1625 EAST 13TH ST.  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

I HAVE JUST READ DAREDEVIL NO. 50. IF MORE BOYS, AND GIRLS, TOO, WOULD BE LIKE PETEY NO. 2 THERE WOULD BE LESS CRIME IN AMERICA. YOU HAVE GOD'S BLESSING FROM ME ON YOUR GOOD WORK AND YOUR INTEGRITY.

DOROTHY MAZERSKA, NO. 58  
HUNGERFORD PACKING CO.  
HUNGERFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

I THINK DAREDEVIL REALLY PROVES THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY IN ISSUE NO. 50. THE SECOND PETEY DAVIS NOT ONLY MADE A GOOD FUTURE FOR HIMSELF, BUT ALSO HELPED HIS FRIEND,

MARY ANN MONAHAN  
677 COURTLANDT AVE.  
BRONX, NEW YORK

I LIKE ALL YOUR STORIES, BUT THE ONE THAT WAS ESPECIALLY APPEALING WAS THE STORY OF PETEY DAVIS IN DAREDEVIL NO. 50. IT IS A VERY GOOD EXAMPLE OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE ABILITY, BUT USE IT THE WRONG WAY. I HOPE TO BE ABLE TO BUY MANY MORE OF YOUR FINE MAGAZINES.

JOHNNY LANG-LE  
BOX 291  
BAHREBA, TEXAS

IN YOUR NO. 50 ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL YOU SHOWED HOW A BOY LIKE PETEY DAVIS COULD HAVE CHOSEN THE BETTER PATH TO FAME INSTEAD OF MEETING AN EARLY DEATH. I'M SURE THAT MANY OTHERS LIKE MYSELF WOULD ENJOY MORE STORIES OF THAT KIND.

WANDA DATTIS  
45 WARD STREET  
WORCESTER, MASS.

I HAD TO SIT DOWN AND WRITE A LETTER COMPLEMENTING YOU ON AN EXCELLENT ISSUE. I ESPECIALLY LIKE DAREDEVIL'S STORY ABOUT PETEY DAVIS. IT HELD MY INTEREST TO THE VERY END AS NO STORY HAS BEFORE. THANKS VERY MUCH FOR SUCH A SWELL ISSUE.

LOWELL G. GILBERT  
BOX 125  
OSSIAN, IOWA

THERE ARE NO WORDS TO EXPRESS MY ADMIRATION FOR THE FINE JOB YOUR MAGAZINE IS DOING. IN MY ESTIMATION THIS IS THE BEST AND MOST INTELLIGENT STRIKE AGAINST JUVENILE DELINQUENCY. I SHOULD LIKE TO COMPLEMENT YOU ON THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE FOR AN EXTREMELY CONVINCING AND WELL-HANDLED STORY, PLUS AN EXCELLENT JOB ON THE ART.

F.H. WITTE  
HARVARD, MASS.

I DON'T WRITE MANY LETTERS BUT YOUR STORY ABOUT PETEY DAVIS IN DAREDEVIL NO. 50 BROUGHT EXCLAMATIONS FROM THE WHOLE FAMILY. I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE BEST STORY I HAVE EVER READ IN A COMIC BOOK.

GEORGE DELURY  
359 AUDITORIUM CIRCLE  
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

I WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL. IT PROVES BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP AND CLEAN FUN REALLY PAY OFF. IT ALSO PROVES THAT WE CHOOSE OUR OWN FUTURE, WHETHER GOOD OR BAD.

BEVERLY HAFNER  
GENERAL DELIVERY  
YUBA CITY, CALIF.

TERESA FELICIANI  
413 S. DUPONT ST.  
WILMINGTON, DEL.

DAREDEVIL NO. 50 WAS MARVELOUS! THE STORY IS ONE OF THE BEST I HAVE EVER READ. KEEP ON WITH THOSE TRUE-TO-LIFE, ALL-AMERICAN STORIES. THEY ARE NOT ONLY A PLEASURE TO READ FOR THE FIRST TIME, BUT A GREATER PLEASURE TO READ OVER AND OVER AGAIN. THE ART WORK IS ALSO TERRIFIC.

LUCILLE LANUELLA  
105 SHERMAN AVE.  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

I HAVE JUST FINISHED READING DAREDEVIL NO. 50. I THINK THIS ISSUE ALONE IS ENOUGH TO TURN JUVENILE DELINQUENTS INTO ANGELS! DAREDEVIL RANKS TOPS AMONG MY COMICS, INCLUDING CRIME DOES NOT PAY, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT AND BOY COMICS. I SALUTE YOU FOR THE FINE WORK YOU HAVE DONE.

JUDY MASTERS  
2081 77TH ST.  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

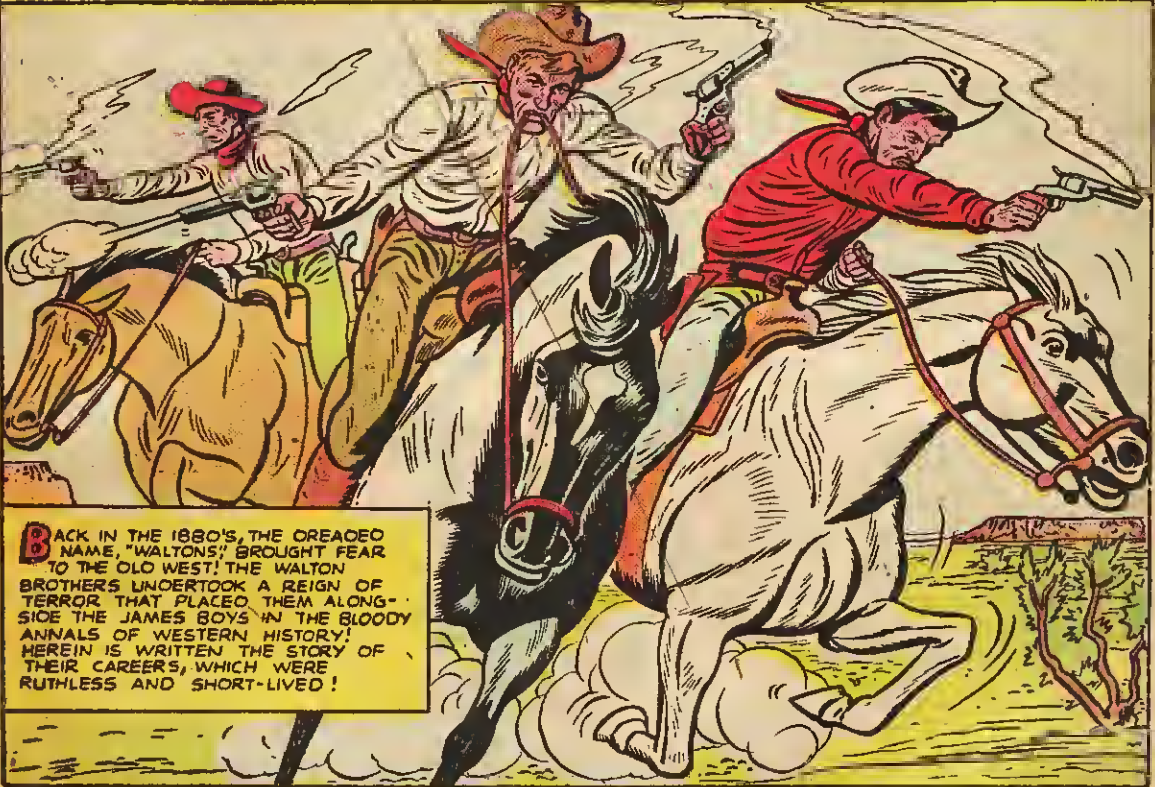
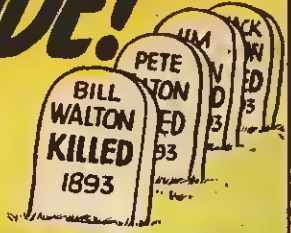


# OBEY THE LAW

## WHEN THE WALTONS RODE!



"IF YOU EVER SAW A PISTOL-BARREL WHITE HOT, THEN YOU'VE SEEN A WALTON!" THAT'S HOW THE WALTONS WERE DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS TO THE MOST FURIOUS YEARS IN FRONTIER HISTORY!



**B**ACK IN THE 1880'S, THE OREADED NAME, "WALTONS" BROUGHT FEAR TO THE OLD WEST! THE WALTON BROTHERS UNDOCTORED A REIGN OF TERROR THAT PLACED THEM ALONGSIDE THE JAMES BOYS IN THE BLOODY ANNALS OF WESTERN HISTORY! HEREIN IS WRITTEN THE STORY OF THEIR CAREERS, WHICH WERE RUTHLESS AND SHORT-LIVED!

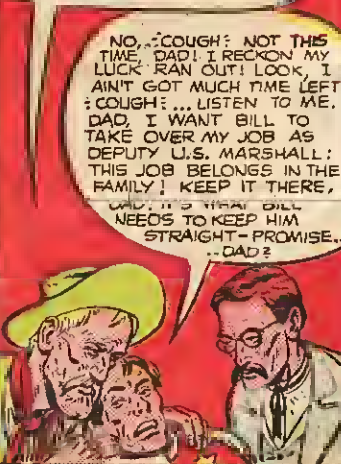
IN THE EARLY 1880'S THE WORK OF A PEACE OFFICER IN OKLAHOMA TERRITORY WAS OFTEN PASSED ALONG WITHIN A FAMILY AS A MATTER OF HONOR!...



HURRY, MR. WALTON, HE AIN'T GOT LONG!

THAT YOU, COUGH? DAD?

IT'S ME, HENRY—YOUR FATHER! NOW YOU JUST LIE STILL AND DON'T MAKE NO FUSS, WHILE THE DOC FIXES YOU UP! SHUCKS, YOU'LL BE ON YOUR FEET IN NO TIME!



NO, COUGH? NOT THIS TIME, DAD! I RECKON MY LUCK RAN OUT! LOOK, I AIN'T GOT MUCH TIME LEFT, COUGH? ... LISTEN TO ME, DAD, I WANT BILL TO TAKE OVER MY JOB AS DEPUTY U.S. MARSHALL! THIS JOB BELONGS IN THE FAMILY! KEEP IT THERE, DAD! IT'S THAT BILL NEEDS TO KEEP HIM STRAIGHT—PROMISE... DAD?

I PROMISE, HENRY, BOY! I PROMISE BILL WILL CARRY ON FOR YA AND MAYBE JACK TOO! THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A WALTON FOR LAW AND ORDER—I PROMISE YOU!



HENRY!!

HE'S GONE, MR. WALTON!



# OBEDY THE LAW

YA MEAN DEAD, DONT YA? NOT GONE, DOC! HE'S DEAD! SOMEONE KILLED MY SON! TELL ME WHO DID IT AND WHERE HE WENT! MY SON BILL WILL FILL HIS MARSHALL'S JOB, AND JACK WILL GO ALONG AS HIS BOSSE! THEY'LL BRING BACK WHOEVER DID THIS TO STAND A FAIR TRIAL! THAT'S MY WAY!

IT WAS YOUNG RODGER TWILLEY WHO DID IT, MR. WALTON! THEY HAD AN ARGUMENT OVER SOME MONEY FRANK OWED HIM! FRANK WENT FOR HIS GUN, AND THE KID BEAT HIM TO IT! I SAW IT!

IF THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED, THEN I'VE GOT NO RECOURSE, BUT MEANWHILE, A KILLIN'S BEEN DONE, AND MY TWO SONS WILL TAKE FRANK'S PLACE AS DEPUTY MARSHALLS AND BRING IN TWILLEY SO'S HE CAN STAND TRIAL AN' PROVE SELF-DEFENSE! RIGHT, BILL?

DAD, I WOULDN'T WEAR A BADGE FOR ALL THE COIN IN THIS TERRITORY, BUT JACK AND I'LL BE GLAD TO GO OUT AFTER TWILLEY AS A MATTER OF FAMILY HONOR AND SEE THAT HE GETS EVERY THING THAT'S COMIN' TO HIM!

JACK, WE WASTED A WHOLE MONTH SEARCHIN' FOR THAT TWILLEY KID - A MONTH THAT COULD HAVE BEEN USED ORGANIZIN' OUR GANG INSTEAD! WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE DOUGH AND GOOD TIMES - WE COULD HAVE BEEN ENJOVIN'! I'D LIKE AS NOT TO SPIT ON FRANK'S GRAVE FOR CAUSIN' US SO MUCH TROUBLE!

ME TOO, BUT IF WE LET SOME-ONE GET AWAY WITH SHOOTIN' ONE OF US WALTONS, IT'S LIABLE T'GIVE OTHERS IDEAS! WE AIN'T TOO WELL LIKED FOR GVIN' OUT SO MANY CASES OF LEAD POISONIN' ALREADY!

HEY, WALTONS! I GOT SOME BIG NEWS FOR YA!



MY NAME'S LUKE COOK AND I'VE GOT A SMALL FARM UP ABOVE THE BASIN! I SAW ROGER TWILLEY NOT MORE'N AN HOUR AGO SNEAKIN' BACK TOWARD HIS PLACE! I KNEW YOU'D APPRECIATE HEARIN' ABOUT IT!

TWILLEY! ARE YOU SURE? NEVER MIND, WE'LL FIND OUT FOR OURSELVES! BUT KEEP IT MUM!

COME ON, JACK, US WALTONS GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH OUR BROTHER'S KILLER!

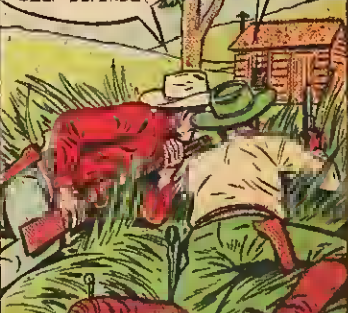
THAT'S THE SHACK DOWN THERE! IT LOOKS LIKE THE WAITIN' HAS COME TO AN END! TOO BAD PETE AIN'T HERE!

THAT KID'S EITHER BRAVE OR CRAZY! HE'S EVEN GOT 'THE STOVE BURNIN'' LIKE WE DIDN'T EXIST! I GUESS WE BETTER LEAVE THE HORSES HERE AND GO DOWN ON FOOT!

THIS IS A GOOD SPOT TO CALL HIM FROM! WHEN HE ANSWERS THE DOOR, I'LL DROP HIM AFORE HE MOVES AN INCH! REMEMBER, WE WANT HIM DEAD! BUT MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SELF-DEFENSE!

DONT WE ALWAYS?

HEY, TWILLEY! HEY, IN THERE!

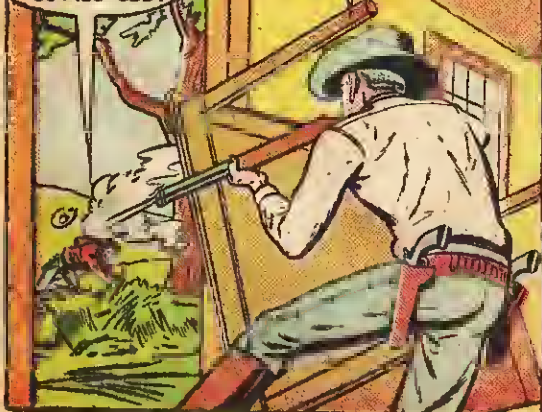


TWILLEY, WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE! COME ON OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! WE'VE GOT THE PLACE SURROUNDED!

YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW YOU AIM TO KILL ME? I'M NO FOOL - I'LL SURRENDER ONLY TO THE MARSHALL AND NO ONE ELSE!

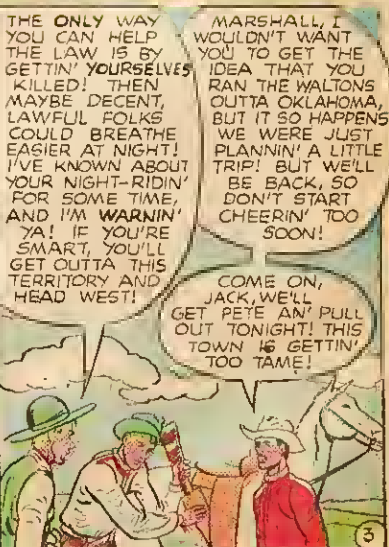
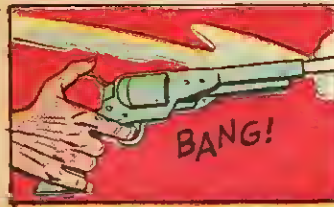
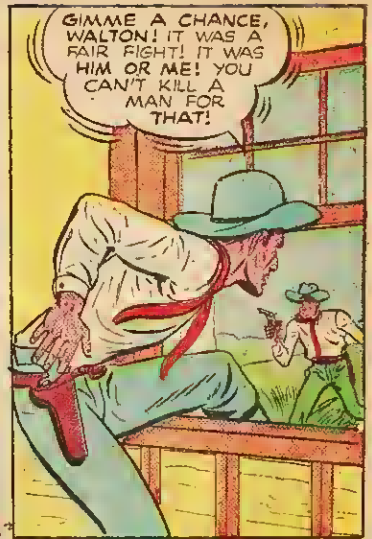
DARN HIM! THAT SOMBRERO COST ME TWENTY DOLLARS!

GET DOWN, YOU OANGED FOOL! YOU GIVE ME ABOUT FIVE MINUTES TO WORK MY WAY ROUND BACK! THEN CUT LOOSE LIKE YOU WERE A DOZEN MEN! IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PLUG HIM FROM BEHIND!



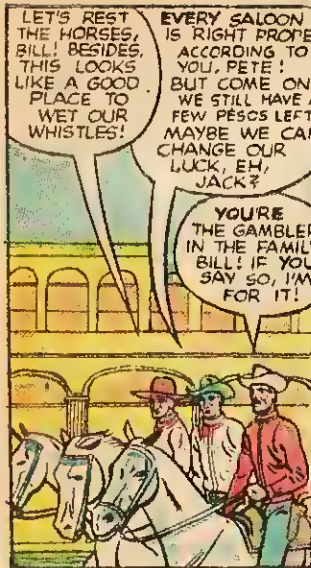


# OBEY THE LAW





# OBEY THE LAW



LET'S REST THE HORSES, BILL! BESIDES, THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO WET OUR WHISTLES!

EVERY SALOON IS RIGHT PROPER ACCORDING TO YOU, PETE! BUT COME ON, WE STILL HAVE A FEW PESOS LEFT! MAYBE WE CAN CHANGE OUR LUCK, EH, JACK?

YOU'RE THE GAMBLER IN THE FAMILY, BILL! IF YOU SAY SO, I'M FOR IT!



WELL, GENTS, NAME YOUR POISON!

DIG US UP A BOTTLE OF BAR RYE! THAT OUGHTTA HOLD US A SPELL—LEASTWISE TILL MY LUCK ALLOWS FOR A MORE EXPENSIVE TASTE!



32 BLACK-LOOKS LIKE YOU LOSE AGAIN, STRANGER! THAT LUCKY STREAK OF YOURS DIDN'T LAST LONG ENOUGH, DID IT?

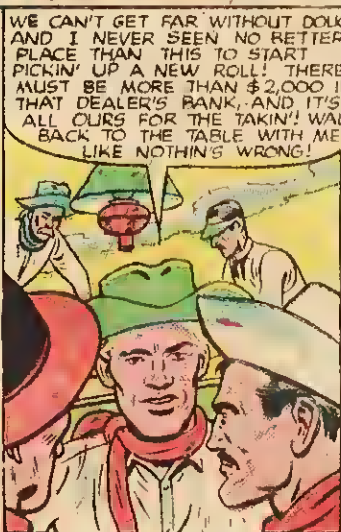
IT'S GOT TO CHANGE AGAIN! I'M PUTTIN' EVERY THING ON THE BLACK! LET HER SPIN!



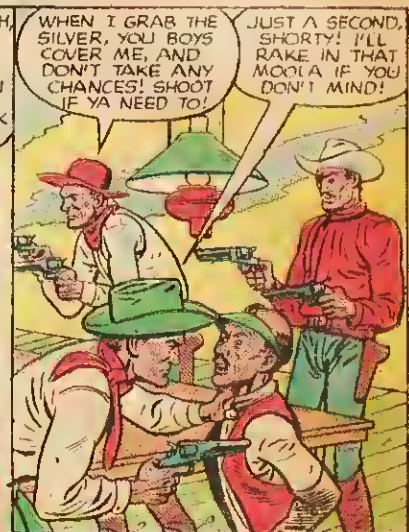
RED! GUESS IT JUST AIN'T YOUR NIGHT, STRANGER!

NOPE! GUESS NOT! WELL, THAT DOES IT—I'M CLEAN!

JACK, COME OVER HERE A MINUTE! I GOT SOMETHIN' TO TELL YA—YOU, TOO, PETE!



WE CAN'T GET FAR WITHOUT DOUGH, AND I NEVER SEEN NO BETTER PLACE THAN THIS TO START PICKIN' UP A NEW ROLL! THERE MUST BE MORE THAN \$2,000 IN THAT DEALER'S BANK, AND IT'S ALL OURS FOR THE TAKIN'! WALK BACK TO THE TABLE WITH ME LIKE NOthin'S WRONG!



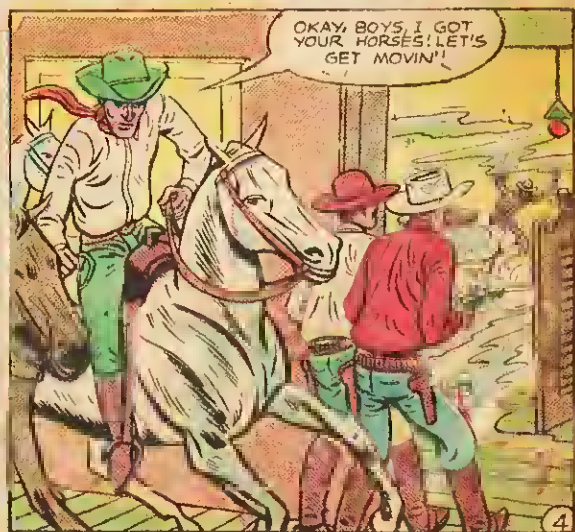
WHEN I GRAB THE SILVER, YOU BOYS COVER ME, AND DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! SHOOT IF YA NEED TO!

JUST A SECOND, SHORTY! I'LL RAKE IN THAT MOOLA IF YOU DON'T MIND!



WE'RE GONNA SHOW YA WE AIN'T A BUNCH OF DUDES TO BE TAKEN IN!

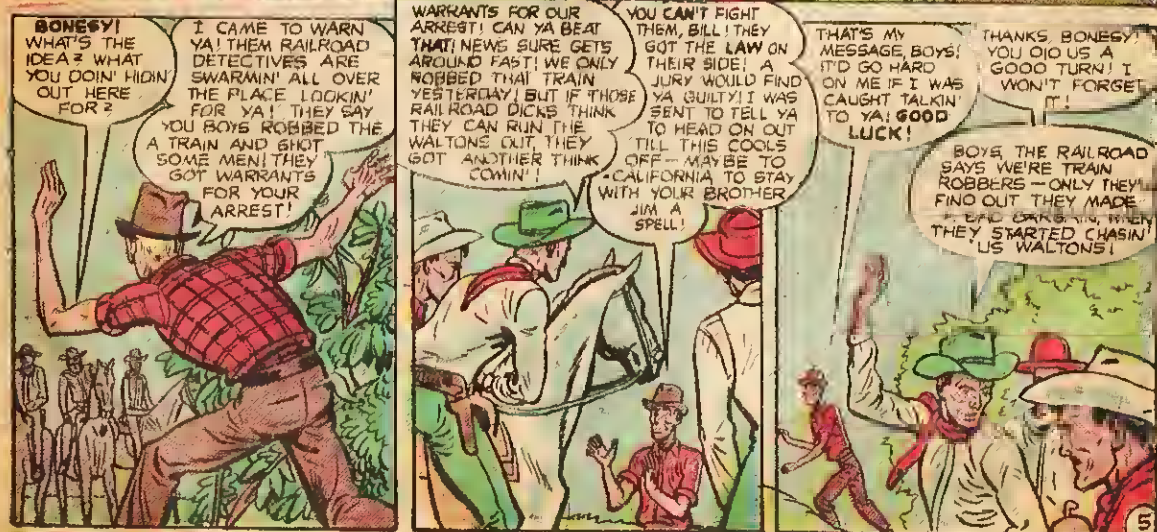
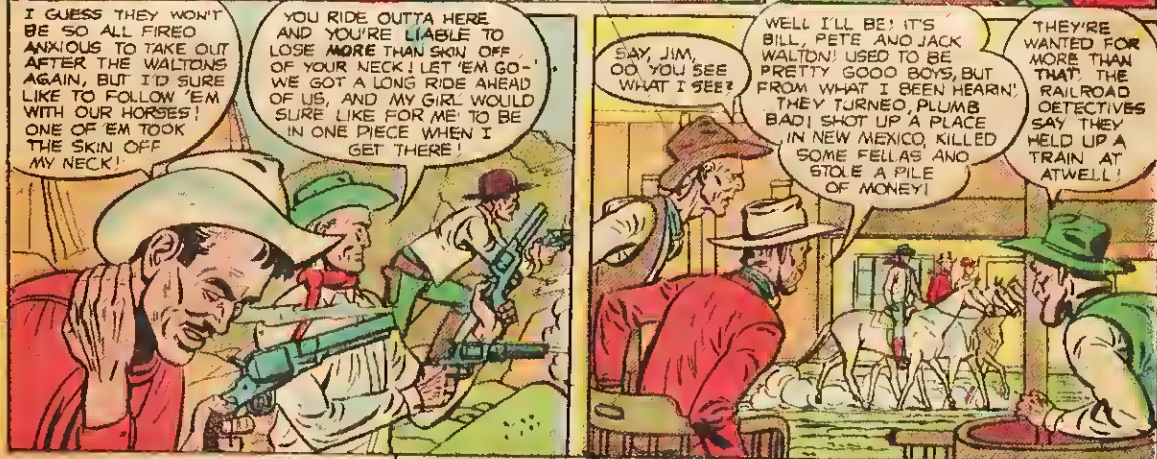
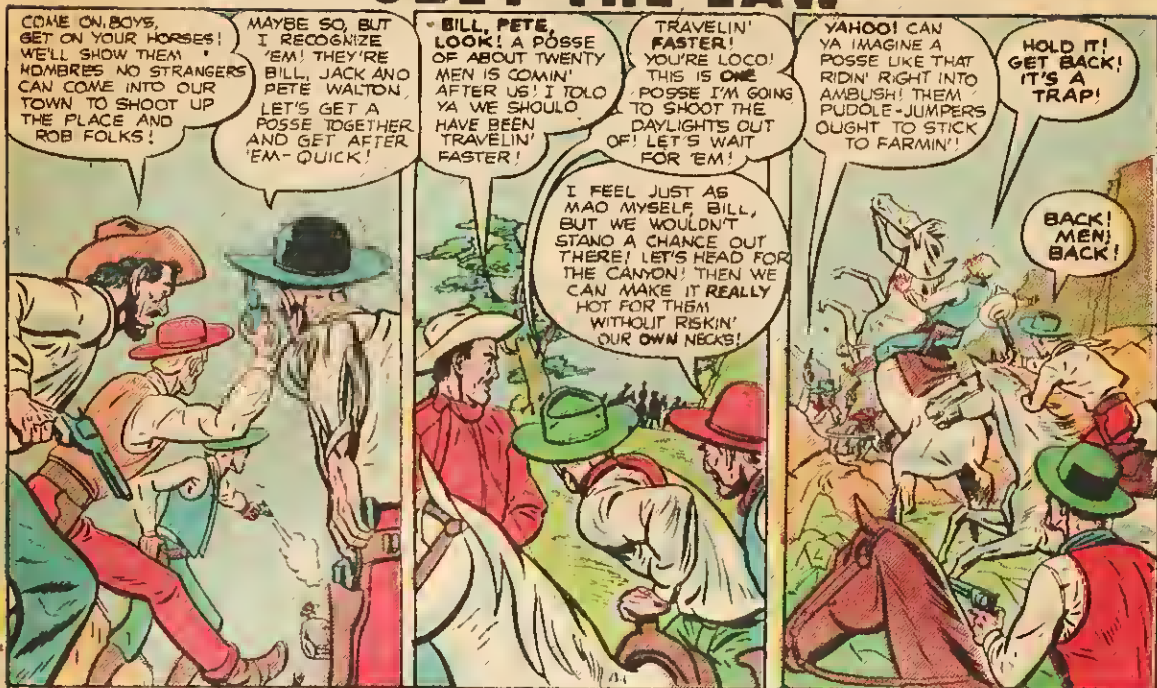
KEEP 'EM COVERED, BOYS, WHILE I PICK UP THE SILVER—THEN BACK OUT AFTER ME!



OKAY, BOYS, I GOT YOUR HORSES! LET'S GET MOVIN'!



# OBEDY THE LAW



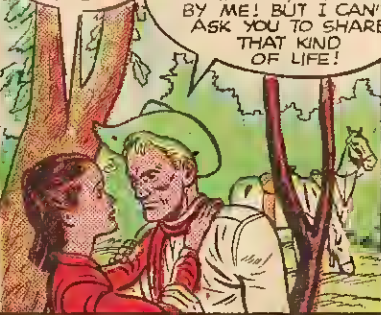


# OBEDY THE LAW

PETE, I WANT YOU TO RIDE TO CALIFORNIA TO TALK TO JIM, AND SEE IF HE'D LIKE TO JOIN US! WE'RE GOIN' TO NEED A GANG—THE BEST BOYS IN THE TERRITORY! I KNOW TED BAILEY, CHARLIE GRACE, PAT POWERS, AND A FEW MORE WHO'D LOVE TO GET IN A FEW LICKS AGAINST THE RAILROAD! WE'LL LINE UP THINGS TILL YA GET BACK—THEN WE'LL GET MOVIN'! WE WALTONS WILL MAKE PEOPLE'S BLOOD RUN COLD IN OKLAHOMA BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH!



BILL, HONEY, I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME— BUT IT ISN'T SAFE HERE! THE RAILROAD MEN ARE EVERYWHERE! OH, BILL, LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE THEY CATCH YOU!



CATCH ME, EUGENIA? NOBODY LIVIN' DRIVES THE WALTONS AWAY FROM HOME! THIS IS A FIGHT TO THE FINISH! THEY SAY I'M AN OUTLAW NOW—OKAY, I AM ONE! I'LL BE THE WORST IN THE WHOLE SOUTHWEST! IF THAT'S THE WAY THINGS ARE TURNIN' OUT, IT'S OKAY BY ME! BUT I CAN'T ASK YOU TO SHARE THAT KIND OF LIFE!

I WON'T LET YOU GO WITHOUT ME! YOU'RE MY MAN, BILL, RIGHT OR WRONG! I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH TIME I HAVE LEFT! YOU KNOW ABOUT MY BAD HEART—AND I WANT TO SPEND IT ALL WITH YOU!

I KNEW YOU'D SAY THAT! LET'S YOU AN' ME VISIT THE PARSON!



NOW THAT WE'RE MARRIED, I CAN GET BUSY WITH THE GANG!

AND I'LL BE ABLE TO HELP YOU! I KNOW MOST OF THE STATION AGENTS, AND I'VE LEARNED TELEGRAPHY, AND I COULD TELL YOU WHEN VALUABLE SHIPMENTS WERE COMING THROUGH, LIKE THAT ONE FROM A BANK IN BENTON TOMORROW NIGHT! THERE SHOULD BE \$14,000 ON IT!



THE NEXT NIGHT...

THE TRAIN'LL HAVE TO SLOW DOWN AT THE TURN! I'LL BOARD HER THEN, AND YOU KEEP THE HORSES RUNNIN' ALONGSIDE TILL I GET THE MONEY BAGS!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE GOOD FIGURIN' TO ME, BILL!

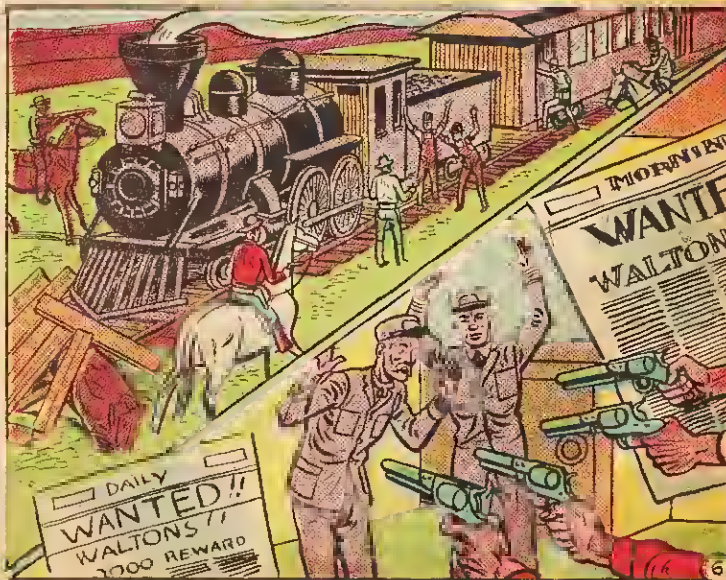


A RAILROAD, DICK, AIN'T YAZ WELL, HERE'S MY AUTHORIZATION—A .45 SLUG WITH YOUR NAME ON IT—COURTESY OF BILL WALTON!



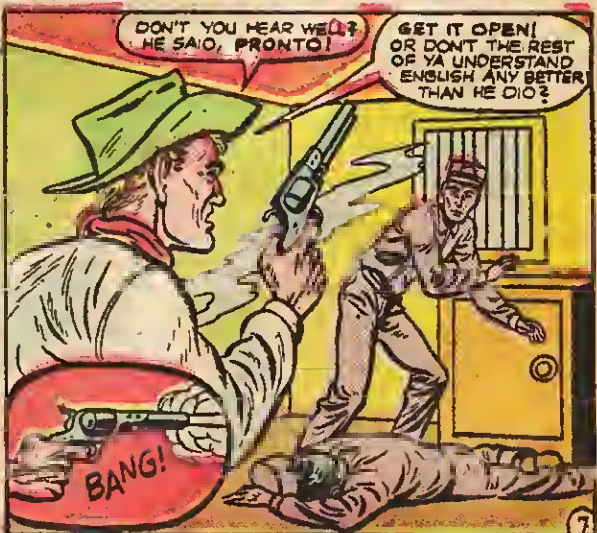
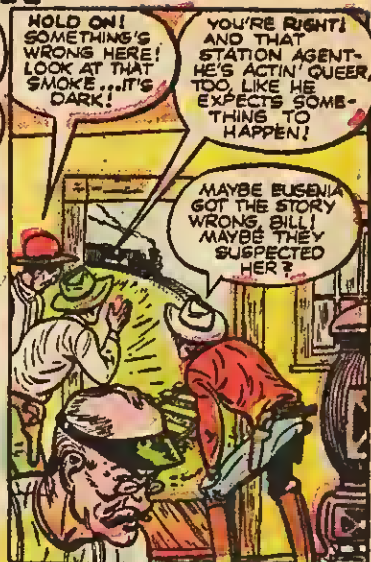
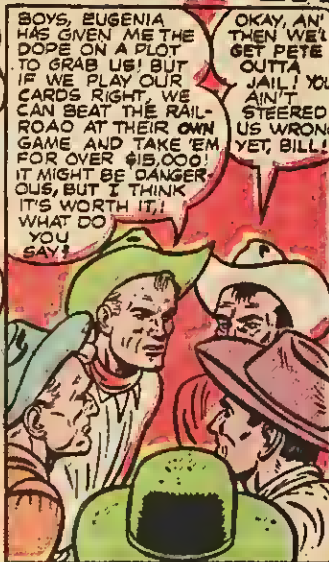
DID YOU GET THE MONEY?

EVERY BLASTED CENT! THE RAILROAD WILL BE SORRY THEY EVER STARTED AFTER US WALTONS BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH!





# OBEDY THE LAW



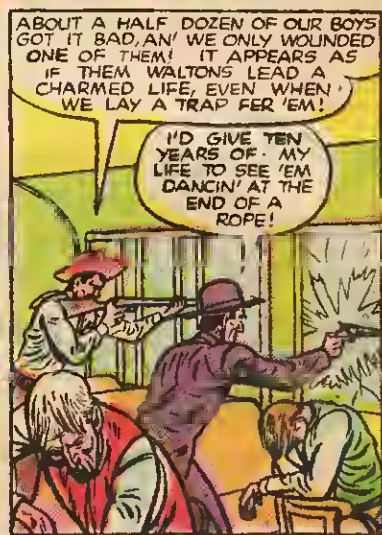


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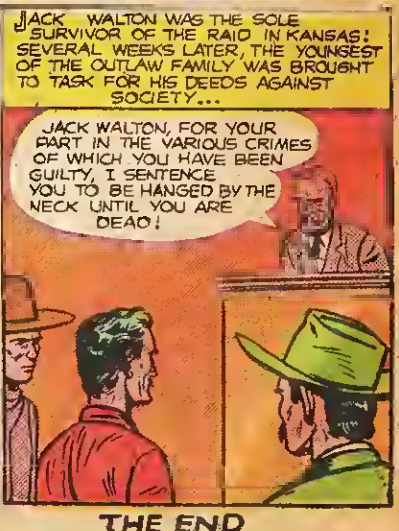
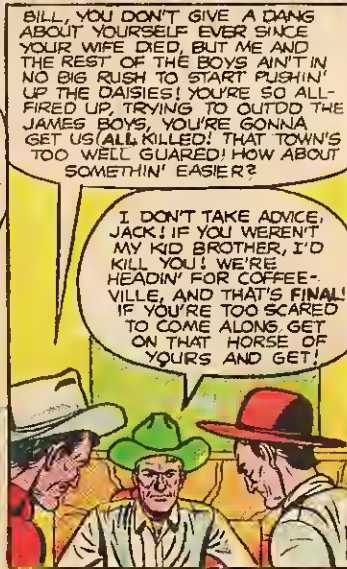
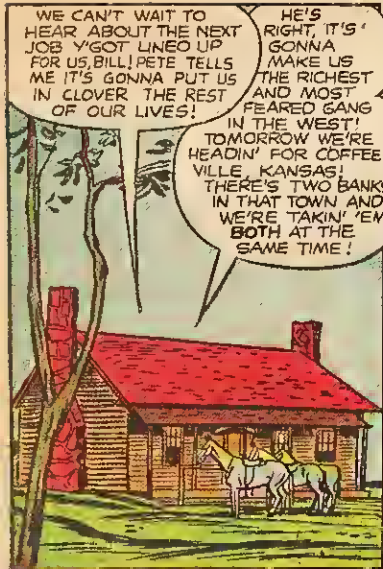


# OBEDIENT THE LAW





# OBEDIENT THE LAW



THE END





# "TRIGGER ED" CRAIG'S LAST STAND

IN THE early winter of 1881, throughout the great Southwest, there was one name that brought fear into the hearts of sturdy frontiersmen. Trigger Ed Craig, leader of a vicious gang that looted the entire cattle country, killing, robbing, rustling, and murdering. It was a grim-lipped group of men that met for a solemn purpose on January 25, in the offices of the famed Texas Rangers.

"They tell us you know Trigger Ed Craig by sight, Mike! That's one reason we've appointed you!"

Mike Thorne, the newly



sworn-in member of the famed Texas Rangers, who had repeatedly proved his courage as a Deputy U. S. marshal, nodded.

"I sure do," he said, "We came from the same neck of the woods and did a bit of hunting and punching cows together. We were pretty close."

"You know he's already killed fourteen men?"

"Yeah, I know all about it. He always was hot-tempered and quick on the draw. But don't worry, I'll get him for you.

That's why I joined up."

The commanding officer of the Rangers was skeptical. Lots of men had spoken that way. They were in graveyards now. But that fact didn't seem to worry the tall, lanky officer. Nor did a message delivered to him a few days later:

*"Mike: I hear you're after me. It'll be a pleasure to accommodate you, so come and get me. And bring your coffin! Ed"*

It wasn't hard for Thorne to locate the quick-triggered murderer, whose name in the Southwest was feared more than that of any other badman in 1881. The day following his appointment he received another note:

*"Trigger Ed near Yellow Creek."*

Two days later the new ranger and his posse arrived at the oddly-named place. They soon learned that the desperado and his gang were making temporary headquarters in an abandoned cabin.

It was four in the morning, on a bitterly cold day with a foot of snow on the ground, as the posse approached the cabin cautiously.

"We'll just wait here, boys," Thorne said, indicating a sheltered area that encircled the cabin. "They've got to come out some time."

The posse made themselves as comfortable as they could, considering the location and the sub-zero winds that blasted the whirling snow into their faces. But they didn't have long to wait. At five o'clock, the cabin door opened and a man stepped out with a bag of oats for the horses.

"It's Bat Terrill, Craig's right-hand man!" Thorne whispered. He leapt to his feet, Winchester ready for action.

"Don't move, Bat, you're covered."

The outlaw's hand whipped out his gun, but Thorne's gun exploded, sending a load of lead into the bandit's chest before he could fire.

Terrill had been driven back into the doorway by the force of the bullet. Now he was half inside, swinging around in a crazy half-circle.

Then a voice came from the cabin which Thorne recognized from years gone by—a sharp, metallic, high-pitched voice, belonging to Trigger Ed Craig. And the words he spoke and the action he took symbolized as well as anything could, his utter and complete heartlessness:



"You're through, Bat," he said. "They've drilled you plumb through!"

He gave the mortally wounded desperado a savage push with his booted foot that sent him flying out into the snow.

"Get one of them!" he





screamed. "Get one of them before you die!"

Terrill, staggering in a dance of death, groped for his gun.

"I wish — I — could — I wish I could," he gasped, and fell dead in the snow.

All day long, Thorne and his men kept their vigil, occasionally exchanging shots with those in the cabin. Thorne felt sure he wouldn't have long to wait. No smoke came from the chimney, and it was possible that the outlaws also had little food. Later in the afternoon this was corroborated when one of the posse boiled some coffee. The smell wafted toward the cabin.

"How about giving us a little of that coffee, Mike," Trigger Ed called out.

"Sure, Ed, you can have all you want if you give up. You might as well—you haven't got a chance. I'll see that you get a fair trial."

"Fair trial!" the outlaw jeered. "That's just what I'm afraid of. If you can guarantee we won't get a fair one—we'll come out."

Just as it was getting dark, however, he called out, "OK, Mike, we're coming out."

"All right — just keep your hands up and don't try any funny business, and throw your guns out first!"

Led by Trigger Ed, the half-frozen and famished outlaws filed out. Three of the men with Craig were wanted for various holdups and cattle rustling, and another man was an escaped murderer of two cattlemen.

Back in town it was decided that for purposes of safety, Trigger Ed was to be confined

in a room on the second floor over the courtroom. Mike Thorne appointed Dale Tempar and Bob Knight, two of his most trusted men, to watch him and gave strict instructions that at no time of the day or night was he to be left alone. He had him handcuffed and leg-ironed, knowing from his youth that Trigger Ed would stop at nothing, including murder, to escape.

Craig could be amiable and charming enough when it suited his purpose, and he became particularly friendly with Tempar. In the midst of a funny story, a few days later, he lashed out with his handcuffs and struck the deputy a stunning blow on the head.

As the officer, semi-conscious,



staggered back, the murderer pulled out his gun and keys. Tempar, now partially recovered, ran toward the steps lead-

ing downstairs, intending to give the alarm. Craig fired, killing him instantly, and then wasting no time, hobbled to an adjoining room where he dug up a file and cut his way through his leg irons. Then he waited for Bob Knight, who had the outside door keys, to return from dinner.

About a half hour later, unaware of anything wrong, Knight unlocked the door.

"Hello, Bob," Trigger Ed greeted him, sending a bullet through his heart.

Without even a backward glance at his sixteenth victim, the outlaw raced down stairs, leapt on the first pony he saw, and rode away to freedom.

Thorne was not the kind of man to waste time in useless regrets. A few hours after the escape, he had organized another posse and was out on the trail once again.

The posse reached the vicinity of Fort Worth on the afternoon of February 12, 1882. It was the fifth or sixth journey they had made following Craig's escape. They had heard that Trigger Ed would visit a certain girl in Fort Worth that night. They kept watch outside the girl's house until midnight and when Craig had not appeared, the disgusted posse was about to return to headquarters when Thorne had an idea.

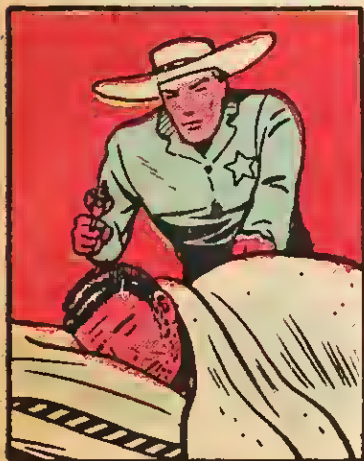
"I'm going to Steve Holland's," he said, "and see if he knows anything." Holland was a suave gambler with a bad reputation for baving many connections with outlaws, and although he had been too shrewd



to be caught in anything illegal, Thorne knew that Holland might be willing to trade any information he had for future consideration by the law.

"Steve'll be asleep," Thorne remarked to Deputies Tom Ferris and Rod Keller. "But I know his place inside out. He sleeps in a corner room. You two wait out here, and I'll go in and have a chat with him."

Thorne entered, put his Winchester against the door just inside of Steve's room and walked over to the bed where the man slept to awaken him. Not wanting to startle him, Thorne sat down on the edge of the bed,



and reached over with his left hand to gently shake the sleeping man.

"It's Mike Thorne," he said softly, as soon as Holland had opened his eyes.

Before Holland was fully awake, there was a sharp inquiry from the porch just outside of his room. Just three startled words, "Who is it?"

An electric shock shot through the tense body of the Ranger. It wasn't the words that had shocked him. It was the voice. For the owner of it was unmistakable. That voice belonged to Trigger Ed Craig! Before Holland could answer, Thorne clapped one hand over his mouth and held him down with the other.

There was a period of dead silence. Momentarily Thorne expected to hear a shot. It wasn't usual for Trigger Ed to ask questions. He just killed.

There was nothing he could do. He could feel Holland quivering under his hand. He couldn't let go. Holland probably had a gun handy, and it looked as though he had been harboring the fugitive. He couldn't go to his deputies for assistance — Craig might kill him; and if he moved, Holland might shoot him or scream a warning to the gunman.

Then silence again and a shuffling noise came across the porch. Thorne gripped Holland's arm, with a warning conveyed through steel fingers. Craig's footsteps came closer, into the doorway of the room, where he half turned to face the bed.

"I heard some one on the porch—is he in here, Steve?" he asked more sharply.

Holland, held firm beneath Thorne's grip, remained silent. The outlaw whirled and came closer to the gambler's bed.

The Ranger's right hand gripped his gun. His left still held on to Steve. Trigger Ed, he knew, would never give up again. Craig's eyes traveled over the room, becoming used to the darkness. Thorne could see his startled look as his eyes took in the shape alongside the bed.

Thorne fired once, dropped to the floor, rolled sideways and

fired again. The explosions reverberated throughout the small room. Craig's body dropped to the floor. There was a metallic



sound of spurs clinking, then a gurgling, choking noise, a half-cough.

"Don't move, Holland, I've got you covered," barked Thorne, as he called for his deputies.

Seconds later, Ferris and Keller arrived and lit a candle. The dim outlines of the flickering light showed the unmoving body on the floor. Satisfied at last that Craig was really dead, Thorne stepped forward, holstering his gun. Infamous Trigger Ed Craig had come at last to his richly deserved fate. For his part in harboring the outlaw, Steve Holland was given a quick sentencing. *the End*





OBEDIENT THE LAW

# WESTERN WHODUNNIT?

TEST YOUR WITS--HOW GOOD  
A SHERIFF ARE YOU?

A  
TRUE  
WILD WEST  
STORY

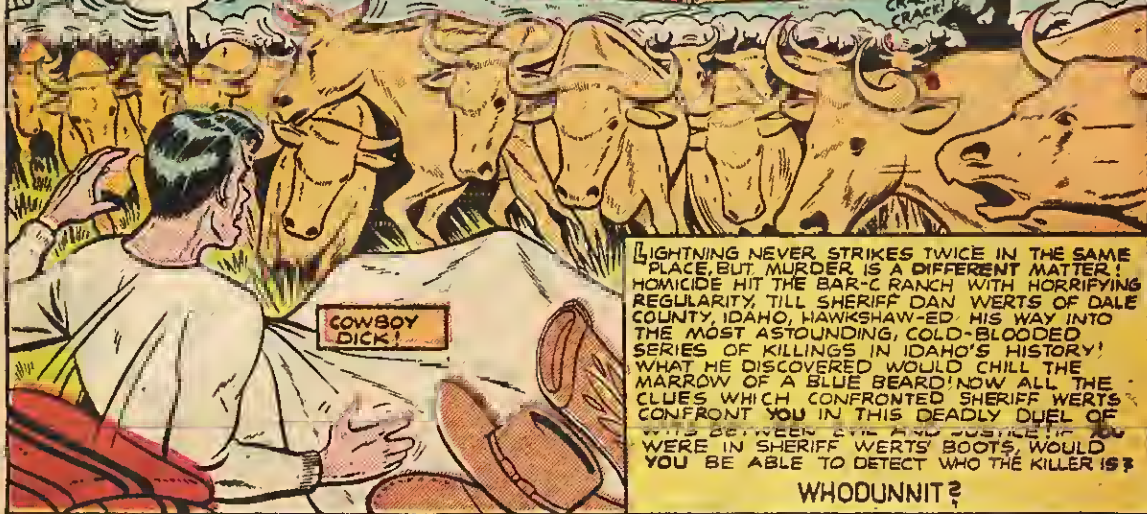
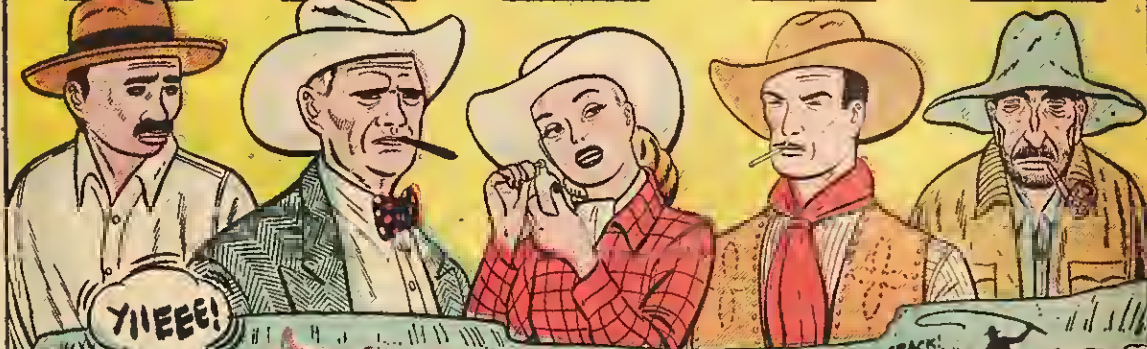
JACK, THE  
COOK?

BOSS  
CORDWAY?

CHARLOTTE  
CORDWAY?

RAINBOW  
JONES?

LUCKLESS  
LORIMER?



LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE, BUT MURDER IS A DIFFERENT MATTER! HOMICIDE HIT THE BAR-C RANCH WITH HORRIFYING REGULARITY, TILL SHERIFF DAN WERTS OF DALE COUNTY, IDAHO, HAWKSHAW-ED HIS WAY INTO THE MOST ASTOUNDING, COLD-BLOODED SERIES OF KILLINGS IN IDAHO'S HISTORY! WHAT HE DISCOVERED WOULD CHILL THE MARROW OF A BLUE BEARD! NOW ALL THE CLUES WHICH CONFRONTED SHERIFF WERTS CONFRONT YOU IN THIS DEADLY DUEL OF WITS BETWEEN YOU AND JUSTICE! IF YOU WERE IN SHERIFF WERTS' BOOTS, WOULD YOU BE ABLE TO DETECT WHO THE KILLER IS?

WHODUNNIT?

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT  
NEAR DEAF FALLS, IDAHO!

LUKE, I DO WISH YOU'D STOP DRINKING WHILE YOU DRIVE! THE ROADS ARE SO NARROW UP HERE AND...

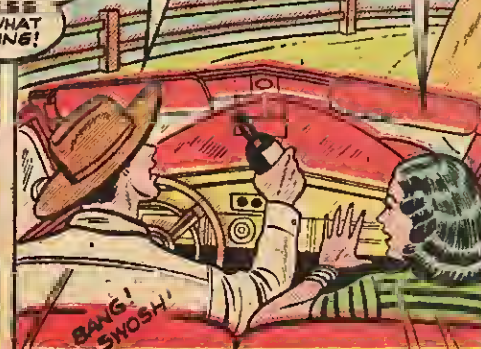
M-MARRIED ONLY TWO HOURS AN' SHIC'S MISTRUSTIN' YOUR HUBBY ALREADY! YOU SURE GOT YOUR OLD MAN'S BLOOD, ALICE! BOSS CORDWAY WOULDN'T TRUST HIS LEFT HAND UNLESS HE KNEW WHAT IT WAS DOING!

AN' TALKING OF BOSS CORDWAY, WON'T HE BE A PRETTY PICTURE TOMORROW MORNING WHEN HE FINDS OUT HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER SKIDADDLED INTO MATRIMONY WITH A NO-ACCOUNT RANCH HAND.. SHIC3 HA, HA! I GOTTA LAUGH EVERY TIME I THINK OF THE BOSS'S FACE WHEN...

L-LUKE! OUR REAR TIRE BLEW OUT! LUKE, SLOW DOWN!

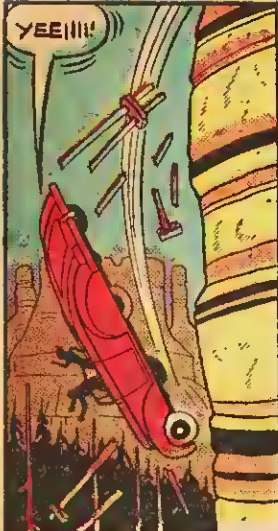
WE'VE GOT A BLOWOUT! I CAN'T CONTROL HER!

LUKE! W-WE'RE CRASHING INTO THE RAILING!





# OBHEY THE LAW



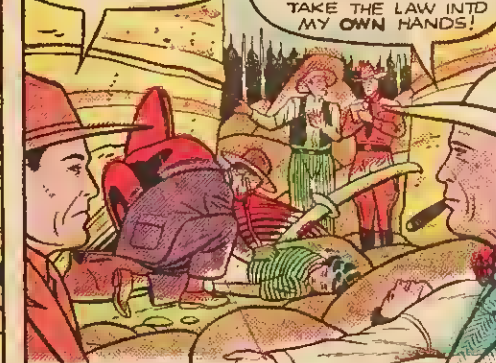
YEE!!!

WE HAVE A PRETTY CLEAR PICTURE OF WHAT HAPPENED, MR. CORDWAY! YOUR DAUGHTER, ALICE, ELOPED WITH LUKE FESTER LAST NIGHT! LUKE WAS DRINKING HEAVILY, AND WHEN THE BLOWOUT OCCURRED, HE COULDN'T CONTROL THE CAR!

THAT SHIFTLESS COW-HAND TURNED MY DAUGHTER'S HEAD WITH HIS FLATTERY AND DROVE HER TO HER DESTRUCTION! BUT A REPETITION OF THIS TRAGEDY WILL NEVER OCCUR... NOT WHILE I LIVE TO TAKE THE LAW INTO MY OWN HANDS!

WHAT DID CORDWAY MEAN BY THAT, JIM?

WHAT HE SAID, SHERIFF! HE'S A TOUGH OLD EGG! CORDWAY'S A SICK MAN, HAS A BAD HEART, FOLKS SAY HE HASN'T GOT LONG TO LIVE! ANOTHER THING, HE HATES COWBOYS... HE WANTED HIS TWO GIRLS TO MARRY CITY FELLERS, AN' HE'S USED TO HAVING HIS OWN WAY! THAT CORDWAY IS A TOUGH GUY TO CROSS!



YOU'RE ALL FIRED, EXCEPT JAKE BLADES AND LUCKLESS LORIMER! THERE WERE SOME OF YOU BESIDES LUKE FESTER... CURSE HIS DIRTY SOUL... WHD WERE SWEET ON MY GALS, SO THE WHOLE MANGY PACK OF YOU ARE THROUGH! I'M HIRIN' ALL NEW HANDS, BLIND ONES IF NEED BE-BUT NONE OF 'EM'LL LOOK AT MY DAUGHTER!

HE'S SURE GOT AN OBSESSION ABOUT HIS GALS! I'M GLAD I'M LEAVIN'! IF I HAPPENED TO LOOK AT ONE OF 'EM SIDWAYS, I MIGHT FIND A BULLET IN MY BACK!

JAKE, YOU'VE GOT A WIFE IN DENTON AND LUCKLESS, YOU'RE TOO OLD TO EVEN NOTICE A GAL, SO YOU'RE BOTH OKAY! BUT THE NEW RANCH-HANDS MUST BE CAREFULLY SCREENED! IF ANY OF 'EM LOOKS EVEN ONCE IN CHARLOTTE'S DIRECTION, I'LL NOT WAIT TO FIRE HIM... I'LL KILL HIM! I WON'T HAVE A REPETITION OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ALICE!

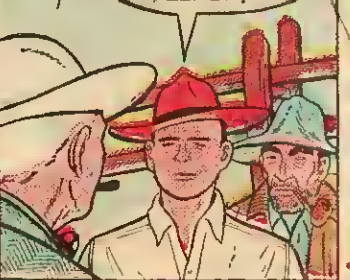
I HEAR THERE'S A LOT OF HIRIN' GOING ON AT THE BAR C RANCH?

YOU HEARD RIGHT, BUT I'LL TELL YOU CONFIDENTIAL-LIKE WHAT BOSS CORDWAY IS LOOKIN' FOR! HE WON'T TAKE ANYBODY WHO'LL LOOK TWICE AT HIS DAUGHTER, CHARLOTTE! HE HATES COWBOYS, AN' HE'S AFRAID SHE'LL RUN OFF AND MARRY ONE!

HEAR THAT, RAINBOW? YOU'LL HAVE TO CONTROL THAT LADY-KILLIN' OF YOURS!

OKAY, BOSS, I'LL GO TO DEAF FALLS AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS AT THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY!

DEAF FALLS, IDAHO EMPLOYMENT AGENCY RANCH WORK AVAILABLE APPLY HERE



WE CAN BUST BRONCS, WORK CATTLE, DOCTOR STEERS, ANY-THIN' IN THE LINE OF RANCH WORK IS OUR MEAT!

HMM... THEY DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT CHARLOTTE ONCE! THESE BOYS'LL DO!

OKAY, YOU MEN ARE HIRED! TELL THE CLERK TO SEND IN THE OTHER TWO APPLICANTS!

WHAT'S THE LOWDOWN ON THIS GUY, CORDWAY? WHY IS HE SO CAREFUL ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER?

HE AIN'T LONG FOR THIS WORLD, AND HE DOESN'T WANT HER RUNNING OFF AND LEAVIN' HIM ALONE! SHE'S AN HEIRESS WORTH A MILLION, AN' HE DOESN'T WANT HER WASTED ON A ROUGHNECK COWPUNCHER!

AN' HERE'S, EH! VERY INTERESTING!

LATER... IN THE BAR C BUNKHOUSE!

YOU NEW MEN'LL TAKE YOUR ORDERS FROM ME, WHEN THE FOREMAN AIN'T AROUND! I'M LUCKLESS LORIMER! I, S-SAY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

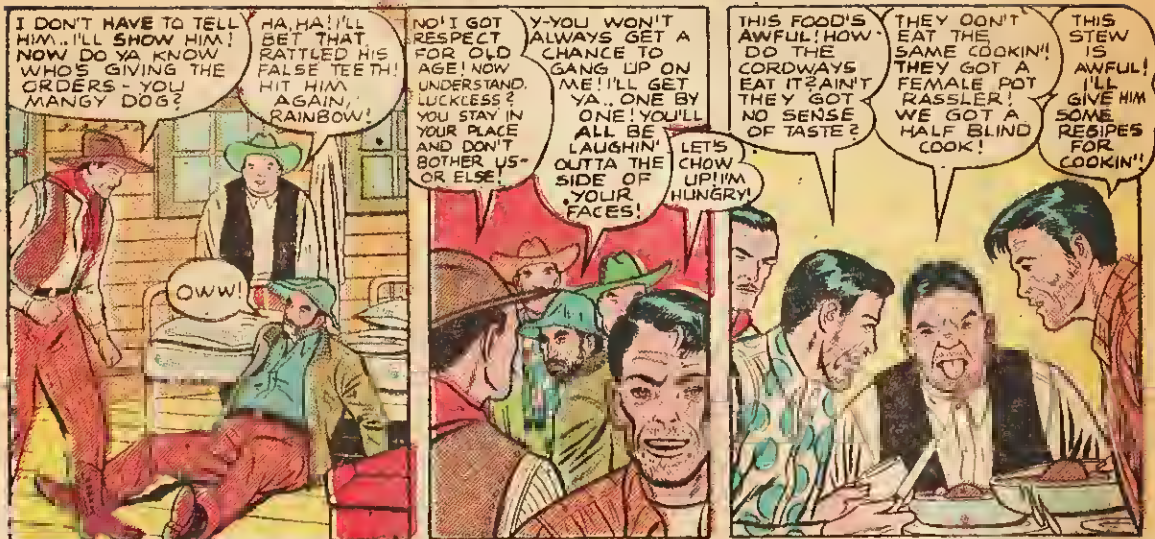
YOU'LL STAY LUCKLESS, CHUM, IF YOU KEEP TELLIN' US WHAT WE GOTTA DO! IF THERE'S ANY ORDERS, I'LL GIVE 'EM!

YOU TELL HIM, RAINBOW!



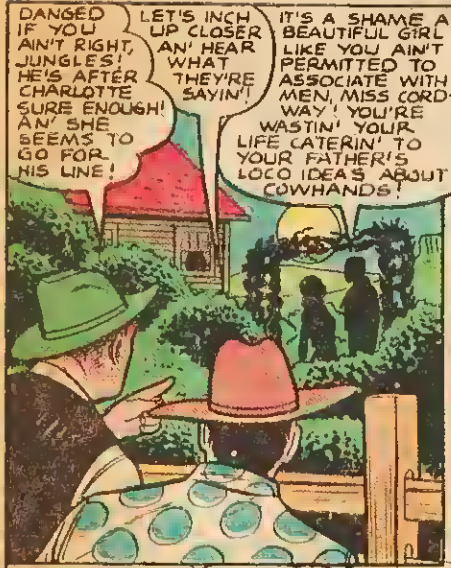


# OBEDY THE LAW





# OBEY THE LAW



DANGED IF YOU AIN'T RIGHT, JUNGLES! HE'S AFTER CHARLOTTE SURE ENOUGH! AN' SHE SEEMS TO GO FOR HIS LINE!

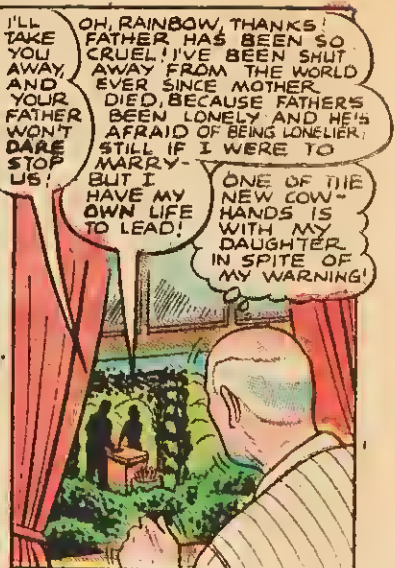
LET'S INCH UP CLOSER AN' HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYIN'!

IT'S A SHAME A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE YOU AIN'T PERMITTED TO ASSOCIATE WITH MEN, MISS CORDWAY! YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR LIFE CATERIN' TO YOUR FATHER'S LOCO IDEAS ABOUT COWHANDS!



YOU'RE RIGHT, RAINBOW! FATHER'S NOTHING BUT A TYRANT! THAT'S WHY ALICE RAN AWAY WITH LUKE FESTER! SHE COULDN'T STAND FATHER ANY MORE! I CAN'T WAIT FOR FATHER TO DIE TO START LIVING! IF I COULD ONLY FIND A MAN WHO'D TAKE ME AWAY FROM ALL THIS - A MAN WHO COULD DEFY FATHER!

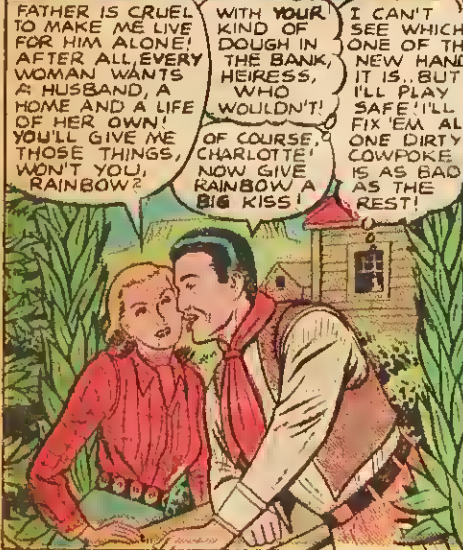
YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT HIM, CHARLOTTE!



I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY, AND YOUR FATHER WON'T DARE STOP US!

OH, RAINBOW, THANKS! FATHER HAS BEEN SO CRUEL! I'VE BEEN SHUT AWAY FROM THE WORLD EVER SINCE MOTHER DIED, BECAUSE FATHER'S BEEN LONELY AND HE'S AFRAID OF BEING LONELIER! STILL IF I WERE TO MARRY - BUT I HAVE MY OWN LIFE TO LEAD!

ONE OF THE NEW COW-HANDS IS WITH MY DAUGHTER IN SPITE OF MY WARNING!

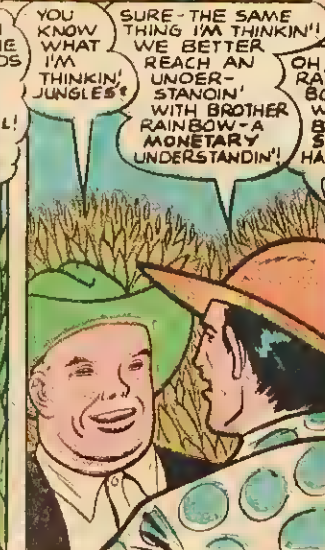


FATHER IS CRUEL TO MAKE ME LIVE FOR HIM ALONE! AFTER ALL, EVERY WOMAN WANTS A HUSBAND, A HOME AND A LIFE OF HER OWN! YOU'LL GIVE ME THOSE THINGS, WON'T YOU, RAINBOW?

WITH YOUR KIND OF DOUGH IN THE BANK, HEIRRESS, WHO WOULDN'T!

I CAN'T SEE WHICH ONE OF THE NEW HANDS IT IS, BUT I'LL PLAY SAFE! I'LL FIX 'EM ALL! ONE DIRTY COWPOKE IS AS BAD AS THE REST!

OF COURSE, CHARLOTTE! NOW GIVE RAINBOW A BIG KISS!



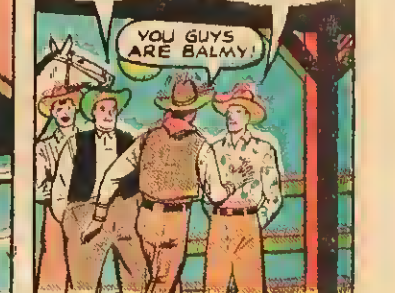
YOU KNOW WHAT I'M THINKIN', JUNGLES!

SURE - THE SAME THING I'M THINKIN'! WE BETTER REACH AN UNOER-STANONIN' WITH BROTHER RAINBOW - A MONETARY UNDERSTANDIN'!

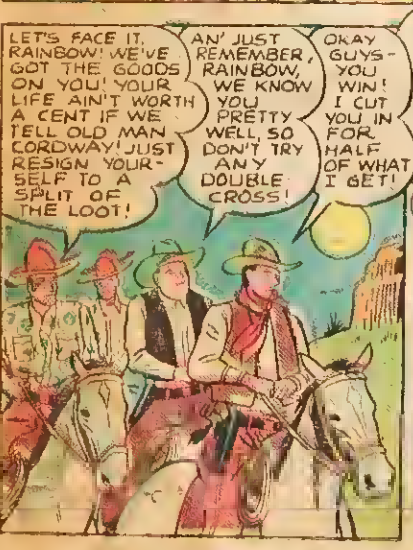
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP, LOVERBOY! WHAT'S OUR CUT OF THE DOUGH IF WE DON'T TELL THE OLD MAN ABOUT YOU AND CHARLOTTE?

DON'T LOOK SO INNOCENT! WE KNOW YOUR GAME! CHARLOTTE'S AN HEIRRESS! YOU'LL COLLECT PLENTY WHEN YOU GET HER IN FRONT OF A PREACHER! WELL, THAT'S OKAY WITH US, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE US OUR SHARE!

OH, RAINBOW! WE'LL BE SO HAPPY!



YOU GUYS ARE BALMY!



LET'S FACE IT, RAINBOW! WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU! YOUR LIFE AIN'T WORTH A CENT IF WE TELL OLD MAN CORDWAY! JUST RESIGN YOURSELF TO A SPLIT OF THE LOOT!

AN' JUST REMEMBER, RAINBOW, WE KNOW YOU PRETTY WELL, SO DON'T TRY ANY DOUBLE-CROSS!

OKAY GUYS - YOU WIN! I CUT YOU IN FOR HALF OF WHAT I GET!



WHERE'S THE MONEY? I HAVEN'T GOT ALL NIGHT! THOSE NEW RANCH HANDS ARE DUE HERE SOON AND I DON'T WANT THEM TO CATCH ME RUSTLIN' MY BOSS'S CATTLE!

TAKE IT EASY, BLADES! WE AIN'T FINISHED COUNTIN' HEADS YET! ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES AND YOU'LL COLLECT!

LOOK! THERE'S DIRTY WORK GOIN' ON DOWN BELOW!

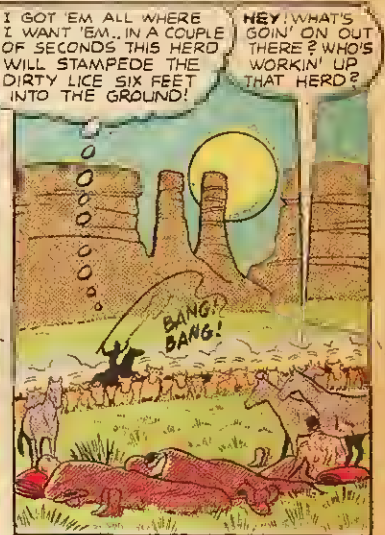
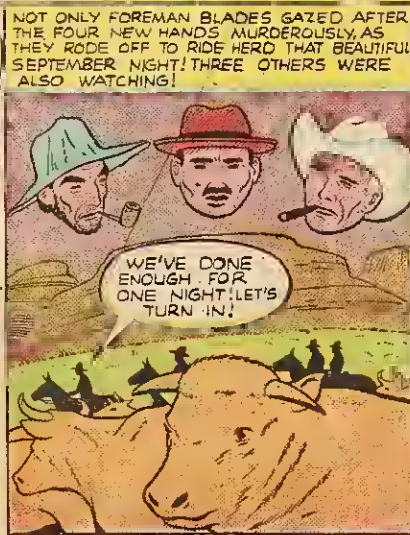
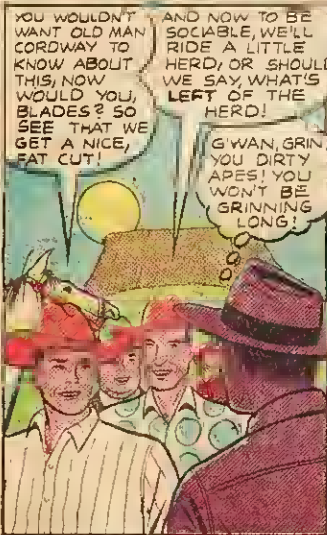
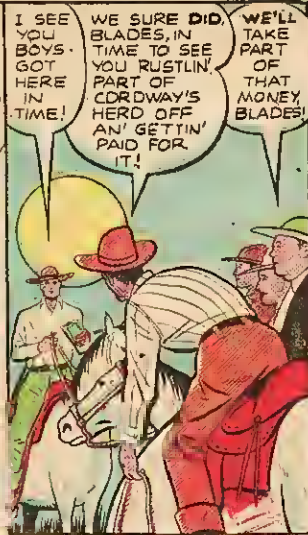
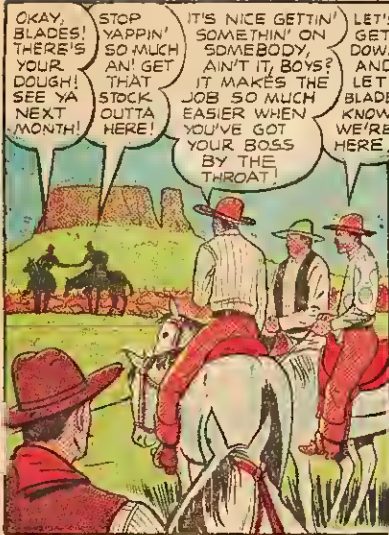
AIN'T THAT JAKE BLOES, THE BAR C FOREMAN... WITH HIS HAND STICKIN' OUT FOR MONEY?



IT'S BLOES, ALL RIGHT! IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S DOING SOME FREE LOADIN' AT CORDWAY'S EXPENSE!

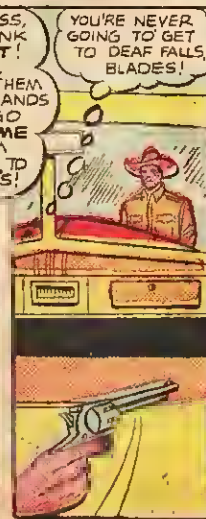
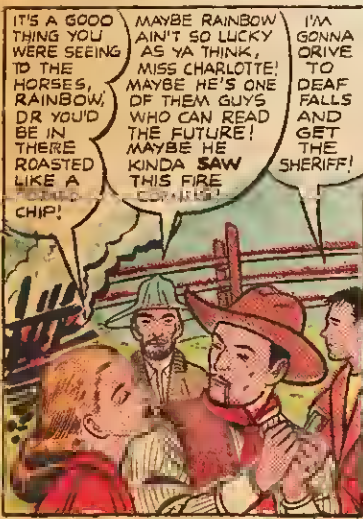
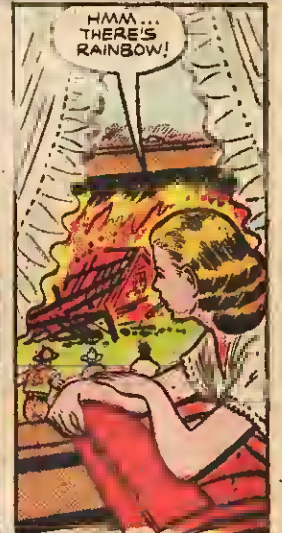
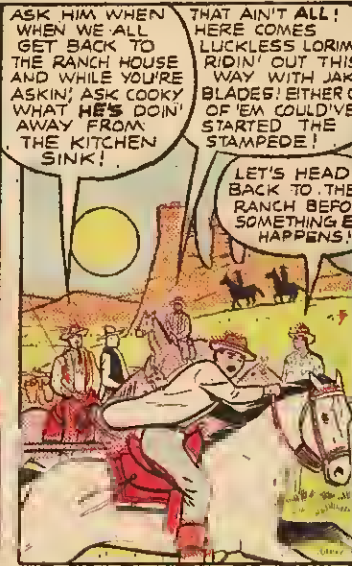
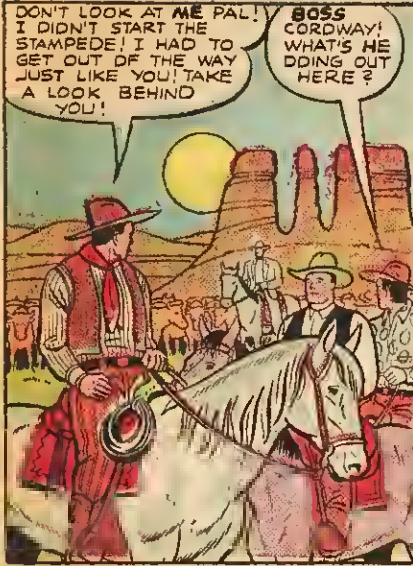


# OBEY THE LAW



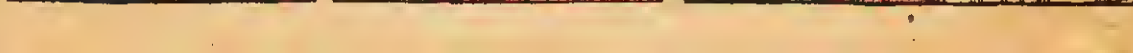
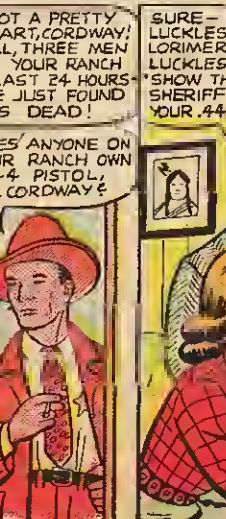
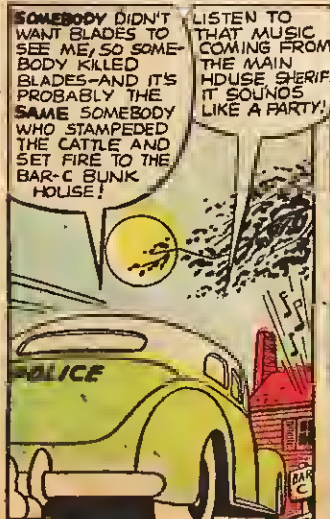
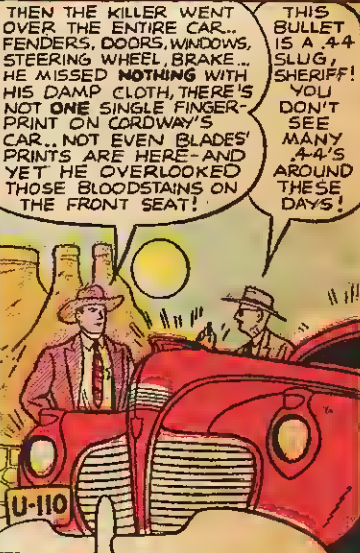
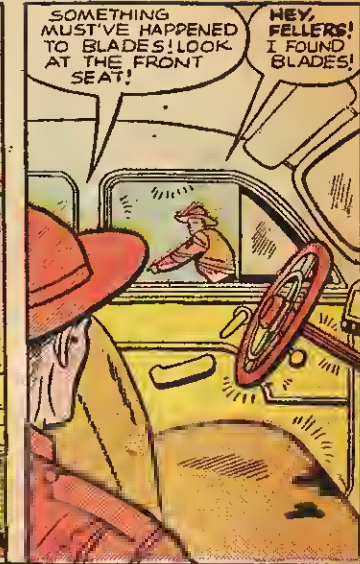
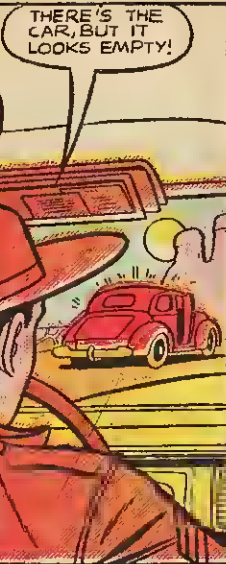
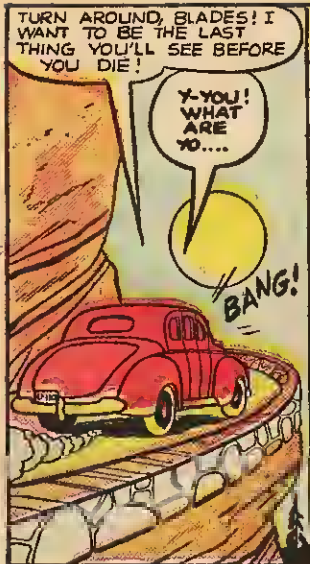


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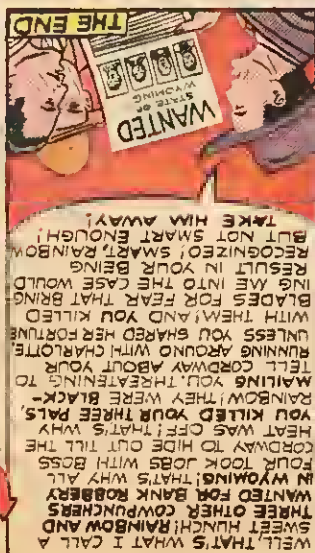
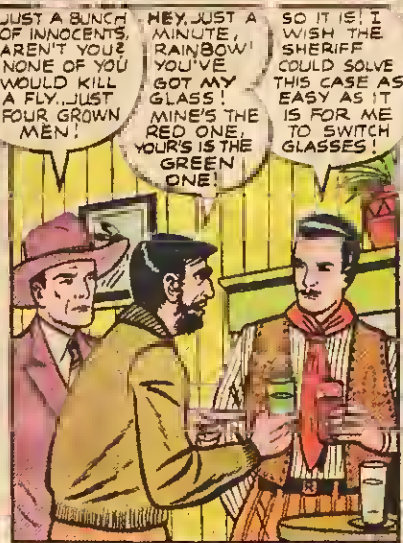
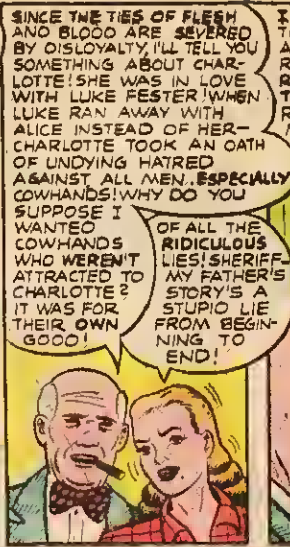
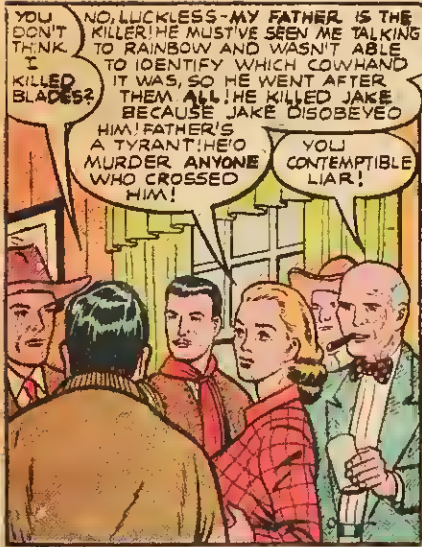


# OBEY THE LAW





# OBEDY THE LAW

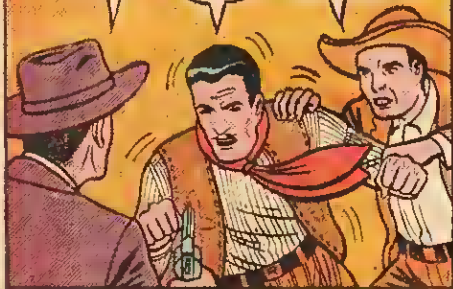




9) RAINBOW JONES...AND THE GIVE AWAY IS THE FACT THAT HE'S COLOR BLIND! NOT KNOWING THAT HIS HIGHBALL GLASS WAS GREEN, HE PICKED UP THE RED ONE BY MISTAKE! COLOR BLINDNESS EXPLAINS WHY THE KILLER OVERLOOKED THE BLOODSTAINS IN THE MURDER CAR! JONES COULDN'T DISTINGUISH THE COLOP, RED, SO HE POLISHED UP EVERYTHING IN THE CAR BUT THE BLOODSTAINS! AND WHY DID HE KILL THE FOUR MEN? PERHAPS RAINBOW JONES HAS SOMETHING TO FEAR FROM THE POLICE, EH, JONES?

WHY, YOU DIRTY!

EASY, JONES! STAY PUT OR YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK!



WELL, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A SWEET HUNCH! RAINBOW AND THREE OTHER COWPUNCHERS WANTED FOR BANK ROBBERY IN WYOMING! THAT'S WHY ALL FOUR TOOK JOBS WITH BOSS CORDWAY TO HIDE OUT TILL THE HEAT WAS OFF! THAT'S WHY YOU KILLED YOUR THREE PALS, RAINBOW! THEY WERE BLACK-MAILING YOU, THREATENING TO TELL CORDWAY ABOUT YOUR RUNNING AROUND WITH CHARLOTTE, UNLESS YOU SHARED HER FORTUNE WITH THEM! AND YOU KILLED BLADES FOR FEAR THAT BRINGING ME INTO THE CASE WOULD RESULT IN YOUR BEING RECOGNIZED! SMART, RAINBOW, BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH! TAKE HIM AWAY!



THE END



# Amazing NEW TOY GUN



*"Shoots" Like  
a Real Gun*

IS'NT MY  
NEW GUN A  
HONEY?

HELP! HELP!  
THE BANK'S  
BEEN  
ROBBED!

LET'S GET  
OUT A HERE  
BILLY!

WAIT, I'VE  
GOT AN IDEA!  
**STOP OR  
I'LL SHOOT!**

JEEZ! THE  
KID'S GOT A  
REAL GUN  
KILLER!

GEE WHIZ, BILLY!  
IT SHOOTS JUST  
LIKE A REAL GUN!  
LET'S PLAY G-MAN

GOOD WORK, BILLY.  
WE'VE BEEN AFTER  
THESE CROOKS FOR  
A LONG TIME...

YOU FOOLED US, KID.  
I THOUGHT THAT GUN  
WAS A REAL ONE!

BILLY, YOU SAVED  
THE BANK. HERE'S  
YOUR REWARD!

THANK YOU  
MR. BANKER,  
BUT MY NEW  
GUN DESERVES  
THE CREDIT

OH BOY! I'M  
GOING TO  
SEND FOR MY  
GUN TODAY

YOU BET! IT'S SO  
EASY. JUST MAIL  
THIS COUPON. IN  
A FEW DAYS YOUR  
GUN WILL ARRIVE.  
THEN THE  
FUN BEGINS.

ONLY  
\$ **1.00**

**INCLUDES 10,000  
SHOTS**

*Completely  
Safe*

Here is the gun that will thrill every boy. When you pull the trigger, it cracks out like a real gun and smoke puffs out of the muzzle. The American Rangers

Automatic is a quick-acting, repeating pistol that never misses. It shoots 60 to 75 shots without re-loading. Looks like a real gun. Absolutely SAFE. Contains no explosives. Each gun comes boxed with 10,000 shots of smoke powder or enough ammunition to last a full year. This smoke powder is harmless. Will not hurt the eyes and may even be eaten. Only \$1.00 each or 3 guns for \$2.00. Only limited quantity available. Write for yours NOW.

**SEND NO MONEY**

**Try 10 Days At Our Risk**

Just send name and address. On arrival, deposit only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage for one gun, or \$2.00 plus postage for 3 guns. If not completely satisfied, return and your money refunded. Save money. If you send cash with order, we pay postage. Write TODAY.

**SPECIALTIES MFG. CO., Dept. 531**  
1367 N. Sedgwick Chicago 10, Ill.

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

**SPECIALTIES MFG. CO., Dept. 531**

1367 N. Sedgwick Chicago 10, Ill.

Send me: 1 Ranger Automatic with 10,000 shots for \$1.00  
3 Ranger Automatics with 30,000 shots for \$2.00

On arrival, I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus postage for 1 gun, or \$2.00 plus postage for 3 guns. (Cash orders sent prepaid.) If I am not delighted I will return in 10 days for money back.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# MAKE MORE MONEY

and Build for Yourself  
**PERSONAL SECURITY**  
in a Steady Trade or a Small  
Sound Business of Your Own  
**watch and clock repairing**



## LEARN AT HOME—IN YOUR SPARE TIME

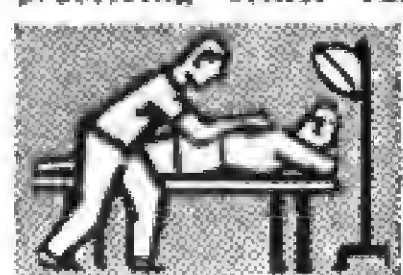
Prepare now for a happy future of prosperity, security. Fascinating high-grade occupation for men of almost any age or physical condition. You can earn while you learn.

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At home, at low cost, you can learn the elements of Swedish Massage and Hydrotherapy. Many qualified men and women earn fine salaries in private clubs, institutions, hospitals, sanatoriums, etc. Some go into business for themselves practicing either full time or spare time and



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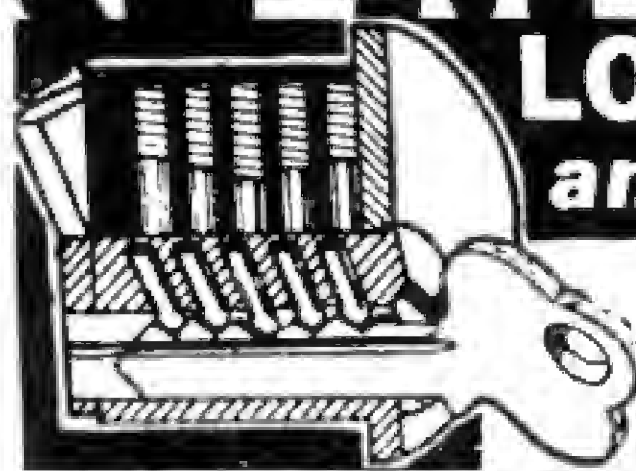
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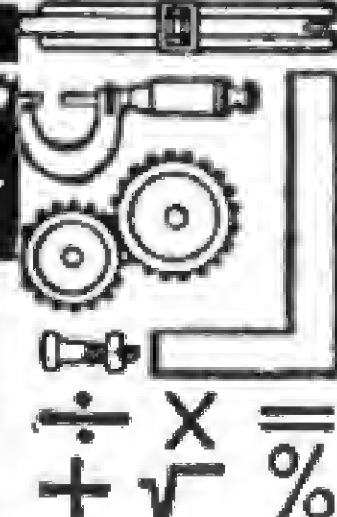
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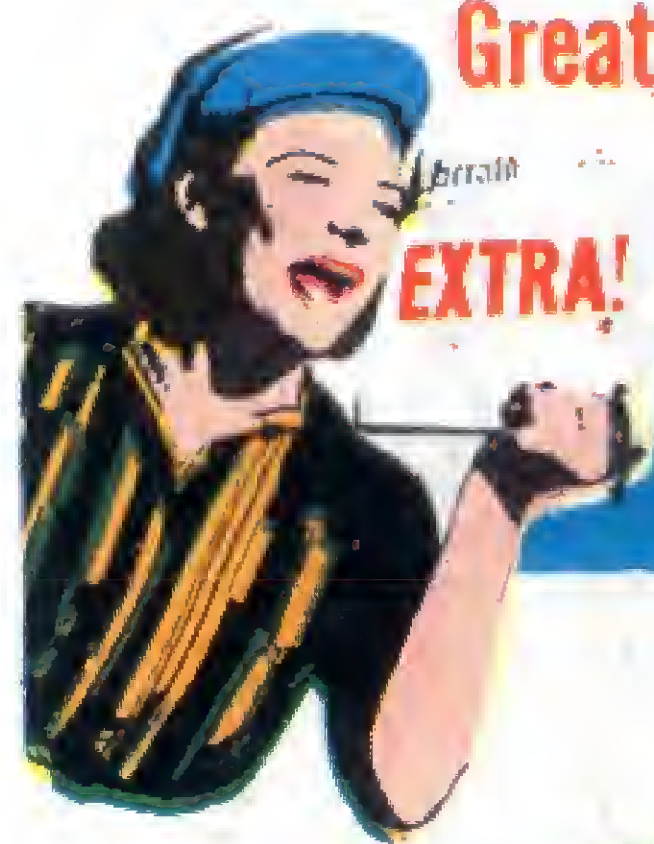
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